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Agricultural.

MISTAKES IN FARMING.

To the Editor of the VANDALIA, April 6th, 1883.

Dear Sir:—I notice in the FARMER of this week an article on "Mistakes in Farming," written by T. B. Terry in the Ohio Farmer. Mr. Terry says his greatest mistake has been in trying to get along without hiring much help on the farm. For fear this article of Mr. Terry's might prove a great mistake to young farmers of Michigan, I have decided to write a line giving the views, or success and mistakes, of some Michigan farmers.

Mr. Terry says that he labored for a number of years without hiring any help, and that as soon as he began to hire help success followed. Now, it is not quite probable that the foundation of Mr. Terry's success was laid during those years of his own labor and only came to the surface about the time he began to hire help? We know that the grouting under the heaviest structures, although it is never seen, is just as essential as the polished corner stone above it. I will refer to one or two Michigan farmers, and then I am through.

A farmer living neighbor to myself owned two hundred acres; he hired two men, could not make any money, and rented his farm to a strong young man who did most of the work, hiring only during harvest. This last man made money and did well where the other three failed. Another young man began farming some years ago under the direction of an old experienced farmer, who advised him to hire as little help as possible, and live within his means. He did so and bought and paid for a farm. He moved on the farm and every summer added one hired man to the number already on hand. He was now away from the influence of the old farmer who advised him when he first began. He continued hiring more men, plowing more ground, until one day he either found himself hired out or plowed out, as all the land he possessed was a town lot.

Again, two young men began farming the same year on adjoining farms, where advantages and disadvantages were alike to both, so far as climate and markets were concerned; but one young man was only a renter, while the other owned four hundred acres left by his father. The young renter hired but little, but worked on, trying to possess himself of eighty acres. The young man with the four hundred acres hired a great deal, and made money enough to pay his hired men, and that was about all, as he never added to his four hundred acre farm. The young renter finally bought his much desired eighty acres, and year by year added to it, until to day finds him in possession of fifteen hundred acres of the best of land, also considerable bank and railroad stock. This young renter was always a kind hearted, generous man, helping to build all churches within his reach, and always ready to assist and help the poor. Notwithstanding his hard work he is to day enjoying good health, for one of his age. Now I should say to young farmers (for all misunderstand these things), while it is proper and essential that you should read and keep pace with the times, do not be afraid of work; it will not hurt you as much as it will sit on a hitching rail in town. Hire less help and keep more stock, attend to everything in its season, and success will crown your efforts.

A SUBSCRIBER.

What Constitutes a Grade.

Ovid, Mich., March 31st, 1882.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.
DEAR SIR:—I wish to ask through your paper what constitutes a grade? Is a quarter blood a grade? Can a sire or dam, both half-blood, produce a grade, or does it require a full blood on one side or the other?
E. E. WARREN.

A grade is the produce of a pure bred animal on one side or the other. Two half-bloods cannot produce a grade. For instance, a grade Shorthorn or Hereford must have pure blood one side, or the animal would be only the grade of a grade, not the grade of a Shorthorn or a Hereford.

ARE MICHIGAN SHEEP DETERIORATING.

LOGAN, N. Y., April 3d, 1883.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

In the FARMER of March 27th, I notice the following, to wit: "It looked at one time as if our Michigan sheep would hardly reach the prices in the markets this year which they brought in 1882. The large receipts of sheep from the west this season have been the chief factor in keeping down the prices of Michigan sheep," etc. Now, Mr. Editor, why not own the truth, and say to your readers that it is on account of the large numbers of the farm ers of Michigan, who have been induced to use pure bred Merino rams in their flocks, to the extent of deteriorating the mutton value of their flocks, while they have increased the weight of fleece by producing a small percentage more wool, and a large percentage more gum, grease or oil. They have at the same time produced a class of sheep whose mutton propensities are very much inferior to what the flock originally was; consequently buyers, who have heretofore gone to Michigan for good mutton and feeding sheep, have been compelled to go to other States to get what they wanted. Formerly, thousands of Michigan wethers were brought into Western New York every fall, and sold to the farmers in small lots, to be fed during the winter for the New York market; but Michigan has ceased to produce what we want, or only in limited numbers, so our buyers go to other places. I do not wish to be understood as saying that there are no good mutton sheep in Michigan, but the number is small, in proportion of the number of sheep kept in the State, and will remain so until Michigan flock owners get the wool from over their eyes, and can be made to see that the money made in breeding and handling sheep does not come wholly from the wool that grows on its back. A sheep that shears five or six pounds of wool, and at the same time produces a yearly lamb that sells readily for six to eight dollars in Detroit market in December, as your market quotations have shown that Mr. Newton's, Mr. Moore's and a few others have done, is certainly a better investment for the farmer than a sheep that shears a fleece of eight or ten pounds weight, and produces a lamb that will not sell to exceed two dollars and a half.

I occasionally notice the writings of some who in their imagination produce Merino wethers that weigh 130 lbs. to 150 lbs.; but when said wethers get to Buffalo, we find a sheep whose sire was either a Cotswold or a Shropshire. If a first-class mutton sheep was ever yet produced by the continued use of pure bred Merino rams in a flock, I for one would like to see it. No one disputes the value of the Merino as a producer of fine wool; but nevertheless, if the sheep-breeders of Michigan desire to take rank as producers of first-class mutton, and stop those mean western sheep from spoiling their market, they will have to use something beside Merino rams to grade up their flocks with.

We of New York have found something that tastes better, and no amount of talk can change our taste in the least. Every breeder in Michigan that produces good mutton, (I conclude from your market reports and comments) has never yet failed to find ready purchasers and remunerative prices when his sheep were sent to Buffalo. The Merino breeders of Michigan may organize visiting parties, and travel from one end of the State to the other, and you may go along, Mr. Editor, and assist in helping them tell each other that no breed of sheep excels the Merino as a mutton sheep. It don't make it so. When the sheep get to the judges' stand the market at Buffalo or New York City those inferior (so-called) sheep, without a fold or wrinkle on the whole body, nor any lamb-like and oil on their fleece to keep the water out, but perhaps with a smutty face and black legs, take the prize, and their owners never complain of a poor market.

Our correspondent hardly talks by the card when he states that the continued use of pure bred Merinos has detracted from the value of Michigan flocks, or that they are less sought after by feeders from the eastern States. It is a positive fact that never feeders in greater demand by New York parties than during last fall, and the result was that many of them could not get all they wanted and were obliged to go elsewhere. These are cold facts, and can be established. Now as to actual sales and prices of Michigan sheep in the Buffalo market, the best way to settle that matter is to refer to the record. We therefore copy the principal sales of Michigan sheep in that market the last week in October for the years 1879, 1880, 1881 and 1882. Will our correspondent show where the great depreciation comes in?

Tuesday, Oct. 23, 1879.—Market fair. Most of the sheep sold were Michigan. A deck and a car load of them sold at \$3 20@3 30; 220, at \$3 75; 150 lbs., at \$4 40; 100 lbs., at \$4 40. Tuesday, Oct. 26, 1880.—Receipts light, and market firm. Sales of Michigan sheep were as follows: 40, at \$5 15; 50, at \$4 50; 50, at \$4 25; 220, at \$3 75; 150 lbs., at \$3 85; 100 lbs., at \$4 40; 100 sheep, at \$3 50. Market closed firm. Tuesday, Oct. 25, 1881.—Market quiet; sales were made of good 50 to 90 lb. sheep at \$3 25@3 40; good 90 to 100 lb. sheep at \$3 50@3 60; 100 to 110 lb. sheep at \$3 75@4 50. Tuesday, Oct. 24, 1882.—Market opened dull,

with 30 car loads on sale. Reports from the east were unfavorable, and prices ruled lower than on previous day. We note sales of 115 Michigan sheep at 83 lbs., at \$4 30; 76, at 121 lbs., at \$5 12 1/2; 145 lambs, at 67 lbs., at \$5 40; 50, at 63 lbs., at \$5. At the close, 80 to 90 lbs. sheep sold \$4 35@5 50; extra 100 to 130 lbs., \$4 75@5 25.

At this date in 1882, the wool markets were very much depressed, owing to the uncertainty in regard to what Congress would do with the wool tariff, while the receipts in the Buffalo market were fully 25 per cent larger than at the same date the previous year. No doubt our correspondent believes he is stating facts when he says the character of our sheep is being spoiled by grading up with pure bred Merino bucks; but we have yet to meet the farmer who is willing, after a test of the mutton sheep with the abused Merino, to give up the latter and confine himself to the former. As to Mr. Thomas Moore, whose interesting letters in the FARMER over a year ago in favor of mutton sheep for Michigan, attracted so much attention, we have not heard from him personally for some time. But if our correspondent visits the farm where he is now located, near Ypsilanti, he will, no doubt to his great astonishment, find him tending a flock of fine wools. The hard logic of actual experience and facts seems to have spoiled Mr. Moore's taste for long wool or middle wool mutton.

With the editor of the FARMER the best breed of cattle, horses, sheep or swine is the one that will return the greatest profit to the farmer for the smallest outlay, no matter what that breed may be. Long observation has convinced him that in the system of agriculture pursued in this State, the Merino sheep is a necessity to the successful farmer. Perhaps the day may come, when, with a more intense system of farming than now prevails, a breed of sheep may be required with different characteristics from the Merino; but at present it will be best, we fully believe, to stick to the despised oily, greasy, wickly Merino—the animal that returns more money to the farmers of Michigan for his food and care than any other on the farm.

In this connection we annex a clipping from a western paper, written by an Iowa farmer. His experience seems to be precisely similar to that of the farmers in this State:

"In almost every paper that advertises live stock now-a-days, such headlines to advertisements confront the eye of the reader as the following: Shropshire-Downs, Oxford-Downs, and for all that, all the other Downs. Well, we lean back in our chair and contentedly say to ourselves, 'Let 'em come.' In this part of Iowa, at least, some of these 'coming' sheep have come, and gone, notably the Cotswolds, Oxford and Southdowns; 'come' to grade Merino flocks (not up), to suit the fancy of some of the manufacturers who buy wool in this section. But some of our sheepmen have discovered that the blocky little Merinos, that shear an average of eight to ten pounds in flocks and many hundreds, are rather getting away from them. Some of them are 'coming,' but now, alas! are going, going, or gone. More particularly is this noticeable to those who were trying the 'coming' sheep, as they have left a loneliness in the owner's pocket, by returning him very light fleeces in proportion to amount of feed consumed, and said fleeces bringing only one third of a cent a pound more than the fleeces of double their weight. And as to mutton, what then? No one, we presume, will claim that the Merino is a mutton sheep, but for a clean dollar-and-cents, (and that is what we keep sheep for) both for wool and mutton combined, we would say to brother sheepmen who are thinking of improving their flocks by crossing with these 'coming' sheep, 'Don't.' We are a little, yes, a good deal amazed to tell it, but we have been there; yes, actually tried it once, but long since went back to our first love, the knotty, hardy, and by many, despised Merino."

THE TYPICAL APPLE ORCHARD.

One cannot ride ten miles in any direction through the southern half of Michigan without being impressed with the unsatisfactory condition of farmers' orchards. The trees have been set from 25 to 40 years, and as the knowledge of their setting was very crude as to present needs, very vague as to future profits, and very uncertain as to care and culture, so this ignorance has each year been more and more manifest, until we hear everywhere "what shall we do with our old orchards."

Every person setting trees in that early day had some cloudy notion as to what varieties were best, not particularly for the location he then occupied, but for New York or New England, and set the orchard on the strength of this wisdom. Many of these orchards, especially the older ones, were a sort of "Hopkins' choice"—the trees were such as could be procured, selection was out of the question. These trees to-day are absolutely worthless cumberbs of the ground. Top grafting might have remedied the defect if attention had been given to them while young, but their growth is now so slow that cions will not make a sufficient growth to insure a new top. They grow a warty, nondescript fruit of no value except for poor cider or hog feed. Many of the trees lean over, and the bushy, tangled head serves as an eyrie for orioles, or a canopy for coddling moths, and is good for very little less.

Aside from poor selection, bad cultivation, or an excess of cultivation has ruined many orchards. The trees while young seemed to thrive under constant cultivation and cropping, and this course was continued, giving no thought to the whereabouts shall it be fed, until the soil is too poor to grow crops, and the trees are starved. Thousands of orchards on sandy soil are starved in this way. They were plowed until plowing became im-

possible on account of pendant branches, and the little hillocks on one side and hollows on the other, shows that the furrows were always turned the same way until stopped by the inevitable. While corn and wheat and oats could be grown in the orchard no complaint was made of unprofitableness, but this enforced stoppage of the everlasting plowing, has raised a wall of distress, and the old trees are accused of barrenness—of furnishing a harbor for injurious insects and many other slanderous vices, for which the tree is not alone responsible. The trees in many orchards were set too near each other, and in a few years there was a strife to see which should overtop the other. An apple falling from some of these heights would have set Newton's thoughts running in another direction, and the old law of gravitation might have been left to be solved by the owner of a fresh diploma.

The experience taught by these failures would be of value in the setting of new orchards. One great mistake on thin soils was in setting too many trees, and in setting those on too low land. Forty trees in a good location, well cared for, would have been much better in every way. They would have given as much fruit in the same time as two hundred trees of the usual type found on farms. These 40 trees set 33 feet each way, would have covered an acre, which might have easily been covered with manure each alternate or bearing year. This would have caused a uniform, healthy growth, and the trees would still be bearing good crops of excellent fruit. If the trees were contiguous to the house or farm yards, the plat could be utilized for a hog yard, and the animals would pick up the wormy fruit and lessen the number of worms that might otherwise survive. These worms, however, are too sharp to be caught in every apple that falls. When an apple is so nearly worthless as to drop its hold, it becomes distasteful to the little gourmand within, and he makes a nimble exit for pastures fresh and new. He selects an apple partly covered by a leaf, under which he tunnels out a new abode, while the pig is eating his former habitation.

The only remedy left for unproductive orchards is to dig out the saw down level with the ground one-half the trees, top dress heavily with manure and await the issue. If this does not remedy the difficulty in a few years, dig out the remainder, and set a new orchard on a better location in well prepared soil, and keep it rich by appropriate fertilizers. In every old orchard, such as is here described, there are trees which individually produce more apples, of better quality, than a half dozen of the seedling, worthless varieties. The trees have survived the perils of severe winters, the drought of summer, and all the other vicissitudes to which trees are exposed in this climate. This proves their adaptation to locality, and is a sure guide in the choice of trees for setting a new orchard. The orchards of Southern Michigan do not furnish one-tenth the amount of marketable fruit they should from the number of trees set. Many of the trees are standing on good soil, and might yet be grafted to better market sorts. In many orchards fully one-half the trees ripen their fruit at a period when they are worthless from very excess. One tree ripening at a time, is all that is necessary for the use of any family. The suggestion that the remainder can be sold is utterly valueless from the fact that they must be shipped away in order to find sale, and to the ordinary farmer with a press of work on his hands, this is not a paying business. An occasional shipment from a stranger is gobbled up by the commission man, and whatever good, bad or indifferent, such are always returned as sold at the minimum price on the market. The farmer sets his teeth to gether and says: "Not any more for me." Express packages and labor absorb all the profits, and so he tells the neighbors to help themselves to a crop he has been years in preparing to reap. From the ten Baldwin trees set in the hundred, he receives more money and more gratification than for the ninety trees comprising the remainder. This remainder consists of twenty or more kinds, selected on the reputation they sustained in some other State, rather than from their adaptation to present needs and conditions. The general idea that a variety consists in getting all the kinds the nurserymen has in stock is what has spoiled so many orchards. Fifteen trees will carry a family through the summer season of apples until winter, and no more should be set in any farmer's orchard for family use. If a person has not the experience to select for himself, he had better acknowledge it by asking advice. The wretched judgment exercised in selecting trees for an orchard lies exposed along every highway of our State, and it would seem that the next generation, profiting from this general failure, might secure to themselves a greater measure of success than falls to the lot of this.

A. C. G.

This celebrated racing mare Mollie McCarthy, who, after vanquishing all the fast ones on the Pacific slope, crossed the Rockies to meet the great Ten Broek at Louisville, July 4th, 1873, died recently at the Santa Anita Stud Farm, California, from bots. She was ten years old and was never beaten but twice, once by Ten Broek, and once at Minneapolis by Gen. Neptune the same year.

SALE OF THE CLAPP HERD OF SHORTHORNS.

The sale of the Clapp herd of Shorthorns on Wednesday last drew out a large attendance of breeders and farmers. The day was fine, and the stock offered sold fairly well. Among the breeders present we noticed Mr. Wm. Ball, W. C. Wixom, A. S. Brooks, Will. E. Boyden, Wm. Graham, C. S. Brooks, Lyman Brooks, Hibbard & Son, John Lessiter, E. S. Campbell, W. J. Bartow, A. T. Cook, O. R. Pattengill, J. Doane, and a number of others whose names have escaped us. Mr. Francis Graham officiated as auctioneer, and performed his duties very acceptably. The following is a list of the sales and the names of purchasers:

BULLS.
Calif, Jim Severs, by Hornet 49673, out of Phebe Ann by Conductor 25992. J. Doane, Salem, Washington Co.
Calif, Young Lexington, by Duke of Lexington 31613, out of Phebe by Gloucester Duke 14864.
Calif, Benedictus, by Benedict 4281, out of Gipsy by Hampden 6836. A. P. Cook, Brooklyn.
Calif, Masakia Aylesby 4344, by King Masakia 3573, out of 30 Aylesby Red Rose by Grand Red Rose 26746. E. P. Campbell, Monroe.
Calif, York Plumed, by Plumwood, out of Bonnie Belle 24 by Oxford Prince 46715. L. Pooler, Plymouth.

COWS.
Hoffer, Lady Severs, by Hornet 49673, out of Peggy Washington by Conductor 25992. E. P. Campbell, Monroe.
Hoffer, Katie Severs, by Hornet 49673, out of Pina by Hampden 6836.
Hoffer, Nell Severs, by Hornet 49673, out of Conductor by Conductor 25992. W. J. Bartow, East Saginaw.
Oxford Belle and calf by Oxford Prince 46715, out of Bonnie Belle by Little John (10558). O. R. Pattengill, Plymouth.
Red Star 24, by Red Prince 24568, out of Moss Rose by Starlight 6267. Reuben Long, Milford.
Mary Patterson, by Conductor 25992, out of Felt by Duke of Hilldale 1896. T. C. Severance, Walled Lake.

Martha Patterson, by Conductor 25992, out of Phebe Ann by Conductor 25992. A. P. Cook, Brooklyn.
Paulina, by Conductor 25992, out of Primrose by Hampden 6836. E. P. Campbell, Monroe.
Calif, Sharon's Victoria, by Oakland Rose of Sharon 4453, out of Corolla by Conductor 25992. J. Van Hoesen, Rochester.
Philopina, by Conductor 25992, out of Pinky by Gloucester Duke 14864. W. J. Bartow, East Saginaw.
Pocahontas, by Conductor 25992, out of Phebe Ann by Gloucester Duke 14864. T. C. Severance, Walled Lake.
Calif from Pocahontas, sired by Crystal Duke 43826. W. Gage, South Lyon.
Corolla, by Conductor 25992, out of Coral by Duke 10679. Wm. Graham, Rochester.
Peggy Washington, by Conductor 25992, out of Phebe Ann by Gloucester Duke 14864. T. C. Severance, Walled Lake.

Phebe Ann, by Conductor 25992, out of Pearl by Gloucester Duke 14864. John Lessiter, Jersey.
Pamella, by Conductor 25992, out of Primrose by Conductor 25992. O. R. Pattengill, Plymouth.
Conductor, by Conductor 25992, out of Phebe Ann by Gloucester Duke 14864. T. C. Severance, Walled Lake.
Pompey 8801. W. J. Bartow, East Saginaw.
Phebe, by Gloucester Duke 14864, out of Pina by Hampden 6836. R. Wright, South Lyon.
Primrose, (and calf) by Hampden 6836, out of Phebe Ann by Gloucester Duke 14864. J. B. Pettibone, Farmington.
Pinkie, by Gloucester Duke 14864, out of Pina by Hampden 6836. R. Wright, South Lyon.
Bonnie Bell, by Little John 10558, out of Mayflower by Sunrise 4411. J. P. Clements, Bath, Clinton Co.
Nelly 34, by Duke of Lexington 31613, out of Nelly by Gloucester Duke 14864. E. P. Campbell, Monroe.

There were between 250 and 300 people present at this sale, and we never saw such a disposition to secure good, well bred Shorthorns as was evinced by them. The neighboring herds of A. S. Brooks and W. C. Wixom, were visited by scores, and some very good sales were made. The Shorthorn interest in this State is in good shape, and good cattle, of approved breeding, are in demand.

THE OUTLOOK IN KALAMAZOO COUNTY.

KALAMAZOO CO., April 2d, 1883.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Through your paper we expect impartial justice, and an honest representation of the true statement of the condition of the farmer. Reports of March 1st, to you in regard to the prospects of the growing crop of wheat were premature and hasty, as it had simply made its appearance from the covering of the snow, and had no time to show what a few freezes would develop in regard to the vigor of the plant, which at this time is plain to any intelligent farmer. I have been sowing clover seed several days on my wheat, and can safely say that half of the wheat is winter-killed. Have seen and had an opportunity of knowing that what is my experience is the experience of thousands of others in Southwestern Michigan. Wheat sown on sod ground looks much the best, and some pieces on level, sandy land look well; but on heavy clay is injured the most. Wheat will not average half what it did last year. We rely upon the FARMER for information to guide us in the future and thus avoid the experience of 1882. The crop of 1882 is now nearly all in the hands of the speculators, and the market can be jogged up or down as they may feel disposed, while the farmer must content himself on what he hopes his crop may be. No one is to blame but the producer, from the fact we have the example of the older countries before us, and should profit by it, by keeping one year's production on hand and thus be prepared for a calamity that overshadowed us in 1882. With the prospect before us we should be careful in our purchases, remembering that what we sell has a price fixed for us, and what we purchase for consumption must have a price in order to cover profit and expenses. A word to the wise is sufficient. Stock of all kinds in this vicinity has wintered well; some fat cattle on hand; fat sheep and hogs all sold; a general stampede for Dakota prevails.

A SUBSCRIBER.

A SUBSCRIBER at Leslie, Ingham Co., notifies the party who inquired in the FARMER recently as to the whereabouts of breeders of Small Yorkshire swine, that A. Ganton, of Fenton, and S. L. Ward, of Leslie, are breeding this stock.

SALT AS A FERTILIZER.

BYRON, Shiawassee Co., Mich., April 2d, 1882.

To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Sir:—I see some inquiry in the FARMER as to the value of salt as a fertilizer. I have had some experience in the use of salt as a fertilizer, and think it has a more marked effect on a barley crop than any upon which I have experimented, or which has passed under my observation, unless it was on a crop of potatoes planted by one of my neighbors. He put a handful of salt and ashes into each hill before covering them. The result was it killed them entirely.

A few years ago I plowed in the fall a 30 acre field for barley. It was quite a tough sod, mostly June grass. (Not a very good showing for barley.) I plowed it about eight inches deep, in the spring dragged it down and sowed it to barley. After the barley was up I rolled it; but before rolling I sowed upon the ground one bushel of salt and one-half bushel plaster per acre. But through the center of the field on a strip of eight rods wide, I sowed plaster alone. I watched it very closely through the season, could not see any very great difference, but thought where the salt was sowed it was a little the heavier. On account of other pressing work my barley was allowed to get quite ripe before I commenced to harvest it. It now presented a very singular appearance. Where I had sowed the salt the straw was white and the head turned down near the top of the stalk, the stalk standing up; but where I sowed the plaster alone, the straw was yellow, and so crinkled down that I was very much troubled to harvest it, and even after the grain was harvested and taken from the field I could see the strip where the salt was not sown almost as far as I could see the stubble, it was so yellow.

It has been my repeated observation that salt is a very material benefit to barley to sow with plaster, about one bushel salt per acre; the berry will be lighter colored and heavier. I harvested from my 30 acres nine hundred bushels.

Yours truly,

NOAH JOSLIN.

SHEEP SHEARINGS.

State Sheep Shearing.

Breeders and wool growers should not forget the State Shearing to be held under the auspices of the Michigan Merino Sheep Breeders' Association, on the fair grounds of the Central Michigan Agricultural Society at Lansing, on Wednesday and Thursday, April 18th and 19th. Let the sheep men turn out and make this an occasion of great interest.

Southern Michigan Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association.

A Southern Michigan Sheep Breeders' and Wool Growers' Association has been organized at Manchester, Washtenaw Co., and its first shearing will be held in that place on Saturday, April 21st. All parties in Southern Michigan are invited to show or shear any number or variety of sheep at that place at that time.

At Grass Lake, Washtenaw County.

The second annual public shearing and festival will be held at Grass Lake, April 24, 1883, to which all interested are cordially invited.

At Grand Blanc, Genesee County.

The annual Public Shearing will be held at the farm of J. H. Thompson, Grand Blanc, on Wednesday, 25th of April. All will be welcome as usual.

At Holly, Oakland County.

The Annual Sheep Shearing of the Holly Agricultural and Horticultural Society will be held in the buildings on the fair grounds of the Society at the village of Holly, on Friday, April 27th, 1883. The M. E. Society will furnish warm dinners in the dining hall on the grounds. Dealers in agricultural implements and owners of stock animals are invited to take part in making a show.

GEO. DAVENPORT, President.

G. W. CRAMTON, Secretary.

AN English correspondent of the *Drovers' Journal* writes that paper as follows, on the present craze after black hornless cattle: "Some people that are now rushing so madly after everything that is black and hornless, especially if the same come from Scotland, will sooner or later discover they have made a mistake. There are muleys and muleys, and among them families that are not worth the fodder they consume in a year. The black skins, although valuable in a certain way, are not suitable for all lands and all climates. Some Polts are finding their way into the States that are not honored in their own country, and eventually will be despised in the country they are sent to."

CAUTION TO OWNERS OF JERSEY CATTLE.

As quite a number of deaths have been reported recently among valuable Jersey cows from milk fever, the following from the New York *Tribune* is timely: "The extraordinary butter cows among the Jerseys seem to be especially subject to parturient fever, and if we may judge from frequent notices of death in the papers, it is apt to go hard with them. Over feeding before or near the time of

calving, probably for the purpose of crowding out an extra pound of butter to make a 'big record,' doubtless has something to do with the frequency of the disease. Rich food should be cautiously used at such a season. After the fever and exhaustion have passed, and the flow of milk becomes established and regular, stimulating rations may be more freely supplied with less danger."

Stock Notes.

Mr. Geo. W. Judson, of Schoolcraft, Kalamazoo County, has sold to W. M. Griswold, Vermontville, a Shorthorn bull calf.

At the auction sale of Mr. Clapp, of Wixom, last week, Mr. Wm. Graham, of Rochester, purchased the fine Berkshire boar Young Tombs 4031, by imported Royal Tombs 693, out of Duchess of Liverpool 7838 by Young Lord Liverpool 2431.

Messrs. L. W. & O. Barnes, of Byron, report the following recent sales of Poland Chinas from their herd:
To J. O. Willard, Linden, one boar pig.
To J. O. Willard, Linden, two sow pigs.
To S. A. Barnes, Charlotte, one boar pig.

Mr. W. C. Wixom, of Wixom, Oakland Co., reports the following recent sales from his herd of Shorthorns:

To James G. Boyes, Holland, Ottawa Co., bull Atlantic Prince 42708, by Atlantic 31658, out of 9th Western Lady, by Knightly Wile 26989.

To W. J. Bartow, East Saginaw, the Gwynne heifer Marion Gwynne 24, by Baron Hillhurst 2928, out of Oakwood Gwynne 24 by Marquis of Geneva 10451.

Mr. Wixom has two good yearling bulls, fit for service, which he will part with at reasonable figures. They are well bred, in fine growing condition, and any one in want of a young bull will do well to look them over.

Mr. W. E. Boyden, of Delhi Mills, reports the following sales of Shorthorns from his herd:

To T. A. King, Parma, Jackson County, Clark's Duchess, Earl of Argyle 19038, out of Julia Belle by Splendor 18363. Also the high grade two-year-old heifer Red Bird, by Al Raschid 18315.

To Merritt Peckham, Parma, Stab, by Joe Brown 17413, out of Julia Belle, by Splendor 18363. Also heifer calf by Lord Napier by Lord Barrington 24 30115, out of Kate Napier by imp. Robert Napier.

To H. C. Richardson, Sandstone, Michigan, heifer Ella Gwynne 17, 30, A. H. B., by Vanquish Aldrie 34030, out of Oxford Gwynne 24 by Duke of Winfield 8048. Also heifer Anna Webster, by Warner 41605, out of Bright Eyes 4th by Warner 13518.

Mr. A. S. Brooks, of Wixom, Oakland Co., reports the following sales the past week from his herd of Shorthorns:

To Reuben Long, Milford, Oakland County, bull calf Defender, Red Star; calf Red Star 3458, out of Belle Mahone 34 by Plumwood Lad K. 24222.
To N. B. Hayes, Muir, Ionia Co., red heifer, calf August 8, 1879, out of Belle Mahone 34, (Vol. 17, p. 12736, A. H. B.), by Plumwood Lad K. 24222.

To same, the cow Medusa, 5th, got by Red Prince 24568, out of Medusa 3d (Vol. 18, p. 16905, A. H. B.).

Mr. Brooks says that he has only two or three animals left that he will sell, as recent sales have taken about all the stock he cares to part with at present.

The Farm.

The Perfect Milch Cow.

\$5.00 REBATE

Beware of Counterfeits!

The high reputation of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam for the cure of Coughs, Cold, Asthma and Consumption has given rise to a large number of counterfeits. The genuine Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is prepared only by F. W. Klimesh & Co., sole proprietors, Augusta, Maine. To protect your investment, immediately examine the bottle and see that the name of F. W. Klimesh & Co., Augusta, Me., is blown in the glass of the bottle.

Offered for a better article. We also offer a reward of \$500.00 for any remedy that will show half as many testimonials of cured cases of Asthma and lung disease in the same length of time.

From George W. Martin, M. D., Graduate of the University of Michigan, Ophthalmologist and Medical Institute, "Bellevue Hospital, New York and New York Ophthalmic Hospital," late Surgeon of the Army, and formerly Surgeon National Military Academy, West Point, Maine.

Having examined the formula from which Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam is prepared, we recommend it as a safe and reliable medicine for the cure of coughs, colds, whooping cough, asthma, etc., etc.

Cured Asthma when All Else Failed.

I was troubled with Asthma for 12 years. Enquired of a physician of Boston without effect. Then I took Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

B. FRANK SWAN, Boston.

From William Y. Bartlett, Postmaster for the State of New York.

"I have been troubled with a severe cough for nearly one year; have been treated by two of the best physicians in the city, but with no success in the past cure. The physicians did all they could to cure me, and considered my case a hopeless one. I then purchased and used Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, to which I owe my present health, which is as good as ever."

W. M. BARTLETT, New York.

Two bottles of Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam effected a cure in my family that four physicians failed to do.

LIEUT. JOHN S. OSBORN, Boston, Mass.

I have had a troublesome cough for more than a year, and have had advice of three of the most skilled physicians, but with no relief. I then bought and used Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam, and cured me until I used Adamson's Botanic Cough Balsam.

MRS. GEO. A. ROBBINS, Riverside, Me.

principal milk organs, it should be cor-

taking the lead of the many bottles of trash that
now flood the market.

SMITH, DOOLITTLE & SMITH,
Wholesale Druggists, Boston.

Sold by all Respectable Druggists and dealers for
10c, 25c and 50c. *See Large bottles for cheapness.*

Trade supplied by Farrand, Williams & Co
Detroit, Mich. Philadelphia

**PARKER'S
HAIR BALSAM.**

This elegant dressing
is preferred by those
who have used it, to any
similar article, on ac-
count of its superior
cleanliness and purity,
it contains materials
only that are beneficial
and easy to the scalp and
hair.

Restores the Youthful Color to Grey or Faded Hair
Parker's Hair Balsam is finely perfumed and is
warranted to prevent falling of the hair and to re-
move dandruff and itching. Hixson & Co., N.Y.
50c. and \$1 size, at dealers in drugs and medicine.

**PARKER'S
GINGER TONIC**

A Superlative Health and Strength Restorer.

"But all these facts, continued the lec-

If you are a lawyer, minister or business man concerned by mental strain and anxious people, do not take intoxicating stimulants, beware Parker's Ginger Tonic. It may cause Consumption, Erysipelas, Pneumonia or Diphtheria. It may cause the lungs to become, stomach, bowels or nerves. PARKER'S Ginger Tonic may cause you to lose your hair, your teeth to fall out and the Best and Surest Cough Cure Ever Used. If you are wasting away from age, dissipation or any disease or weakness, take PARKER'S Ginger Tonic at once; it will invigorate and build you up from the first dose but will never intoxicate. It is safe for a hundred years and has cured thousands.

CAUTION!—Refuse all substitutes. Parker's Ginger Tonic is composed of the best medicinal agents in the world, and is entirely different from preparations of ginger which are sold by Bilezik & Co., N. Y. No. 8 & 9c. Sells in dollars in drugs.

GREAT SAVING BUYING TAILOR SIZE

FLORESTON

It rich and lasting fragrance has made this delightful perfume essential to every woman's toilet. It is nothing like it. Insist upon having FLORESTON COLOGNE and look for signature of

Floris & Co.

on every bottle. 25 and 50 cent sizes.

LARGE SAVING BUYING TAILOR SIZE

Really, no breed has ever produced that

A technical diagram showing a grapple fork suspended from a horizontal beam by a cable and pulley system. The grapple fork is a large, open, bowl-shaped structure. The beam is supported by a vertical post on the left and a cable on the right. The diagram is labeled with letters A through F, indicating various components and points of interest.

GRAPPLING HAY FORK & RAILWAY HAY CONVEYOR

and she carries generally too much offal

KLISS'S AMERICAN WONDER PAPER

EXTRA LARGE

Extra Large, Two Dwarfs (8 to 10 inches, 16 quires no Bushing, Exquisite Flavor.

Acknowledged by all to be the best and earliest Pen from America, and the only one in the world that is made of "American Wonder," send us and get the genuine *Kliss's* American Wonder Paper.

Purses—Half pint package, 25 cents; pint, 45 cents; quart, 60; by mail, post paid.

D. K. KLISS & SONS'

HAND BOOK for the FARM & GARDEN.

300 BEAUTIFUL ILLUSTRATIONS

With a richly colored plate of a Group of Orangetrees, and a descriptive list of prices for 1877 varieties of Apples and Yuccas, as well as all the most useful information upon their culture—150 pages—made up at an astonishingly low price.

Our Illustrated Novette Sheet, containing a description of the most valuable varieties of Apples, raised free to all applicants.

Kliss's Illustrated Potato Catalogue, containing a list of the best varieties of Potatoes, with explicit directions for cultivation, 10 cents.

D. K. KLISS & SONS, 54 Broadway Street, New York.

inches to hold a healthily developed

POMOLOGICAL

5,000 PEACHES in Orchard and
50,000 Apples in Nursery
exclusively from Standard
Seed Co. Indiana
NICH'S Raspberry Strawberry, Grapes
Black Raspberry—Blackberry, New for the
and Currants. Fruit, Shale, and
mentals Tree, Vines, and in various
WM. FARLEY, Parry P. O. New Jersey.
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\$6.25 for 39 cts.

Any one sending me 30c. and the addresses of 19
acquaintances will receive by return mail goods
(not receipts) that cost \$6.25.
To introduce staple goods.
act now. J. D. HENRY, Box 127, Buffalo, N.Y.

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essary medicines to be paid
for by the patient. I have
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all applicants. Address **J. D. HENRY, NEW PARIS, IN.**
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\$66 a week in your own town. Terms and 65 cents
free. Address **H. HALLIST & CO., Portland, Me.**

Spinal Cord Little Style chrome cards, name, 30c.

Horticultural.

THE RECENT HORTICULTURAL EXCURSION TO NEW ORLEANS.

At the opening of the afternoon session on Friday, P. J. Berckmans, President of the Georgia Horticultural Society, read a paper on the New Peaches, and New Fruits for the Cotton States, in which he stated that certain varieties ripen earlier, in the higher and more northerly inland localities, than in the lower and warmer regions farther south, the cause of which he was unable to determine. He further stated that most varieties of figs fail at Mobile; while, much farther north, at Norfolk, Va., they are successfully grown. Col. R. W. Gillespie, of the Mobile and Ohio Railroad, invited the Society to make a free excursion over that road to Mobile; with the privilege of returning free to New Orleans, or, if preferred, of going over that road from Mobile to Cairo direct. After some discussion as to the most convenient time for the purpose, the offer was accepted for Tuesday, February 27th.

A paper was read by W. H. Cassell, of Mississippi, on Pears and their Culture at the South.

After some discussion on this subject, the Society adjourned till evening. On reassembling at 8 o'clock, p. m., a paper was read by T. V. Munson, of Texas, on Organized, Systematic Horticultural Progress.

This was followed by a paper read by T. T. Lyon, of Michigan, on Horticulture vs. Ruts.

The President then invited attention to the beautiful gavel used in conducting the exercises; which, he took occasion to state, was manufactured from Nebraska growth timber, by ex-Governor Furnas, of that State, and composed of five different kinds of home-grown woods. He closed the statement by calling on the ex-Governor, who read a paper on the subject Forestry on the Plains.

After the reading of this paper, the society adjourned to the next morning.

On Saturday morning, owing to rain, the meeting was not called to order till 10 o'clock.

Mr. Berckmans, chairman of the committee on fruits exhibited, was compelled to leave for home after the reading of his essay the previous evening. For this reason President Earle appointed T. T. Lyon, of Michigan, to that position.

Some discussion then arose as to the best method of collecting statistics; and also as to the most convenient and effective way to raise the means to pay the Secretary for the increased amount of labor to be required of him.

Agricultural Colleges and Experiment Stations, during the consideration of the report of the committee on a subject bearing upon them, received some hard hits from the committee and from certain members of the Society. After considerable discussion the subject was recommitted to an enlarged committee; whose report was adopted.

Mr. E. Hollister, ex-President of the Illinois State Horticultural Society, read a paper on Markets and Marketing.

Another paper of a similar character was read by E. T. Hollister, of Missouri.

A resolution, offered by Mr. Galusha, of Illinois, proposing, as the sense of this convention, that all fruits should be sold by weight, gave rise to some discussion, and was finally laid upon the table for consideration at the next meeting of the Society.

A telegram was then read by the President from F. Chandler, general passenger agent of the Mississippi and Pacific system of railroads, offering reduced rates for the next annual convention, if held in California, the rate suggested being one fare for the trip to Los Angeles and return.

The afternoon session was called to order at 3:40 p. m., a large number of ladies being present to listen to papers to be read at this session by a couple of Northern ladies.

The first of these was read by Mrs. H. M. Lewis, of Madison, Wisconsin; the subject being Birds in Horticulture. The examination of fruits on exhibition and the preparation of the report thereon, compelled our absence; but the unanimous opinion of those present seemed to be that this was one of the finest and most interesting of the papers contributed on this occasion.

The next, by Mrs. D. Huntley, of Appleton, Wisconsin, was entitled The Adornment of Rural Homes. Although necessarily absent till near the close of the reading, we cannot resist the temptation to extract an idea or two:

"If you can have but few of the growing beauties of nature, plant a vine by your doorway and it will cover the side of your dwelling with its drapery of green. Plant one tree, and it will spread out its leafy banners above your head and ever make you grateful for its shelter and shade. Plant one packet of seeds if you can not, and care for them well, and your flowers will expand in colors more royal than the purple of Tyre, and give you fragrance more sweet than the spices of Araby. * * * We attach great importance to the productions of our country. We have a national pride in her manufactures, her mechanics, her works of art. Let us remember that the best production of any country is its people."

After this essay the President introduced Secretary W. H. Ragan, of Indiana, who read a paper entitled Can We Master the Insect Enemies of the Orchard? He observed that at first thought this seemed to him an easy subject, but that upon closer consideration it seemed to rest more and more heavily upon him. Farther on he remarks:

"Seriously, I have viewed with no small degree of alarm, the steady and onward march of our orchard pests; in spite of our science, in spite of our boasted progress, until I have almost despaired. Entomology has enlightened us on the subject of bugs and beetles. It has clearly defined the differences that distinguish these two subdivisions of the insect tribes. It has assured us that the one sucks its food while the other bites it. It

has explained to us in high sounding terms the metamorphoses of insects. It has shed a brilliant ray of light on coleoptera, orthoptera and lepidoptera; yet the beautiful things have steadily encroached on our chosen domain until, like the Irishman when the mule put his foot in the stirrup, I am almost ready to exclaim 'be jabers, if ye are going to git up, I'll git down.'"

He remarks, near the close of his essay, that insects are not all pests, and that there is danger that, in the wholesale use of poisonous insecticides we may be "killing the goose that laid the golden egg," and that while science has an important part in this problem, scientific knowledge alone will never rid our orchards and gardens of insect pests.

Resolutions highly complimentary to the essays of the two ladies were then adopted unanimously.

The protection of fruits from the depredations of insects was discussed at considerable length, after which the report of the committee on the collection of statistics was received, and the subject referred to the executive committee.

The meeting was then adjourned till eight o'clock, p. m. T. T. LYON.

THE BEST VARIETIES.

KALAMAZOO, March 28, 1888. To the Editor of the Michigan Farmer.

Will you please answer the following questions through the FARMER? What are the three best varieties of strawberries to raise; also of blackberries and raspberries. ERWIN FRITZ.

REPLY.

Mr. Fritz does not state whether he wishes to plant for the use of his family or for market; and since the same selection would not be made for each purpose we name:

Strawberries for family use.—For early, Duncans; for medium, Seneca; for late, Kentucky, or better, where it succeeds, Marwin.

For market.—For early, Duchess or Bidwell; for the main crop, Miner's Profitable or Wilson; for late, Kentucky. If the grower is a superior cultivator and will keep all runners removed, he will do well to plant Bidwell for early, Sharpless for medium and Marwin for late. There are, among new and yet partially untested strawberries, varieties that may be still better; but these are yet on trial.

Raspberries.—Of the red varieties, for early home use, Brandywine; medium, Herstine and Cuthbert. Where hardness is essential we would be content with the Turner, with the addition, perhaps, of Cuthbert.

Cap varieties.—For early, Tyler or Souhegan; for medium, Mammoth Cluster; late, Gregg. For the family we would not be without a few plants of Caroline and Shaffer's Colossal; both of which are of excellent quality, and ripen in succession for a long time. T. T. LYON.

Labeling Trees.

We have often referred to labels for trees, vines, etc., in gardens and orchards; but as it is a subject that cannot be too often mentioned it is well to say now, at this season, before the busy work in the garden or on the farm sets in, that the old labels should be gone over, or where they have disappeared or worn out have them renewed before the name is forgotten.

Winter weather, with its snows and storms, is the hardest upon labels, hence they should be examined and renewed when necessary. We have tried a number of kinds of these tree and vine markers, and have settled on the old wooden one, securely fastened with copper wire. Take narrow strips of pine, shave them perfectly smooth, cover with two coats of white paint, shape to suit, and then write the name carefully and heavily with a good black lead pencil. They will last for many years. If the paint becomes dirty and the writing illegible, wash sometimes with the case, they can be washed and the writing renewed. In fastening on the trees sufficient space must at all times be allowed for the growth of the tree.

To avoid binding and cutting the trunk, let some extra wire be attached by which the tie can be lengthened. People of even strong memories, who do not spend much time in their gardens, may forget the names of the different fruit trees, vines, etc., without the label; but it is satisfying even to visitors to your premises to know the variety of the fruit or plant which they encounter. We never remember a friend to visit us in the growing season who did not examine nearly every label to be sure of what they represented and had his remarks to make.—German-ton Telegraph.

Grafting the Common Cherry.

The agricultural editor of the German-ton Telegraph informs farmers that it is not commonly known that the common black and red cherry, which are regarded as "wild," can be easily grafted with other and the best varieties—that is, as easily grafted as cherries usually are, which every one knows who has tried it is more difficult to make grow than any other fruit. The scions, however, if not already cut, should be secured at once and before the buds swell, and the grafting should be done as early as possible. Many of these trees which produce the poorest kind of fruit—in fact are nearly all seed and skin—are worse than nothing to have upon one's premises, unless when very large to be cut down and sold for cabinet making. These trees can all be top-grafted and may be made to yield an abundance of excellent fruit. Only healthy trees should be selected for grafting, and the scions should be in the best condition. We suggest to our agricultural friends who have some of these trees upon their farms—and they are to be found upon nearly all of them of any size—to employ a good grafter to do the work, and report the degree of success which may follow.

Mr. J. W. Talbot said that simple turf would, with a little ashes and bone, give all the nourishment to the grape that is necessary. Mr. J. W. Manning gave some personal experience in the development of grape culture before the Concord grape.

Mr. C. M. Hovey said that the Diana grape was first brought before the Society in 1848. The following year he gave a specimen to Mr. Charles Downing, who subsequently wrote an account of it. The improvement in our grapes has come al-

most directly from the Concord grape, and, indeed, we may date almost all our progress in grape culture from the introduction of that grape. In manuring for wine, a different process should be pursued than that employed when the grape is for the table to be eaten as fruit. In France much success is had with planting grapes only three feet apart, and by this means less pruning is needed, and the best quality of flavor is attained.

Mr. W. C. Strong said that the Isabella grape was cultivated with success in New England before we cut our forests. It is by far a better grape than the Concord, as is also the Catawba. The Isabella grape will not ripen in New England at present, but the Catawba will. The main point in New England is earliness, in the order to make profit in our market. The Lady, a white grape, is the earliest of all our grapes, and is adapted to our climate. We must look for a grape which is hardy enough to resist the mildew. The Delaware is an admirable grape; it is early, and when matured will probably resist mildew. In growing grapes here, we have a great enemy to contend with in the rose bugs. The method of covering with mosquito netting is effective to some extent, but it requires a great deal of labor.

Mr. J. B. Moore said that the crop of grapes is more certain than any other fruit, except the strawberry. A hardy grape is one that will resist the cold, and will not have to be laid down and covered, even when the thermometer is below zero. Anything that will fill your trellis with well-ripened young wood, will give you what is wanted in fruit. He was cultivating grapes himself, both on posts and trellises. A wire trellis three hundred feet long costs less than three dollars, which is less than the cost of posts. In growing on the wire trellises there is no danger of the arms becoming loose. The crop depends, not on the great amount of wood that is made, but on the amount that is of medium size and of the right fruit-bearing quality. Too great a production of wood is sometimes caused by the overstimulation of fertilizing. One advantage of the training on stakes is that the sun strikes down to the ground more fully than where trellises are used. The latter, however, hold the vines more securely than the stakes when the wind is high. Mr. Moore described the habits and increase of the rosebugs, showing that they must be met and attacked when they become grown insects, as they cannot be reached either in the egg or the pupa state, and must be picked by hand. He found that a little ashes would be better for the manuring of grapes than stable manure.

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P. B. BROMFIELD, Manager of Eastern Office, 150 Nassau St., New York.

The Michigan Farmer

State Journal of Agriculture.

DETROIT, TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1883.

WHEAT.

The receipts of wheat in this market the past week have been 97,605 bu., while the shipments were 78,462 bu. The visible supply of this grain on March 31 was 22,631, 645 bu. against 19,401,375 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. This shows a decrease from the amount in sight the previous week of 224,946 bu. The exports for Europe for the week were 1,084,210 bu., against 57,105 bu. the previous week, and for the past eight weeks 8,121,796 bu., against 6,182,907 for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882. The stocks in this city on Saturday amounted to 1,550,243 bu., against 1,537,940 last week, and 2,800,759 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882.

The course of the market has been downward all week, with little disposition among dealers to do any trading except on orders. Sellers were more plenty than buyers, and the past few days of sunshine can be credited with running down prices of spot wheat from 2 to 3 cents per bu. But prices are rapidly approaching a point where speculators will be very apt to see money enough in wheat to induce them to enter the market, and a reaction from the present state of dullness may be looked for if the weather from this time forward is not of the most favorable character. The week closed with prices on both spot and futures considerably below those of the previous week, and still lower rates looked for.

Yesterday the market was again dull and much depressed, with prices lower than for some time in both spot and futures.

The following table exhibits the daily closing prices of wheat from March 20th to April 9th:

	No. 1	No. 2	No. 3	No. 4	No. 5
Mar. 20	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
" 21	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
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" 27	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
" 28	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
" 29	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
" 30	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
" 31	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
" 1	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
" 2	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
" 3	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
" 4	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
" 5	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
" 6	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
" 7	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2
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" 10	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2

Rejected closed at 70c per bu., one week ago at 75c.

The decline in futures has been greater than in cash wheat, buyers even at the decline being scarce. The following table will show the fluctuations from day to day in the various deals during the past week:

	April	May	June
Tuesday	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wednesday	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2
Thursday	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2
Friday	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2
Saturday	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2
Sunday	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2

The markets at present are being run entirely by weather reports, and so long as they continue favorable it will be difficult to advance prices. The April report of the Ohio Board of Agriculture, based on returns from over 700 townships, gives the following percentages, compared with April 1, 1882: Wheat 63, barley 66, clover 69. The wheat outlook is the most gloomy for eight years in Ohio. Severe cold with bare ground killed the tops to the surface in January and February. Warm rains and good weather till May may improve the condition up to 60 per cent. Bad weather will send it below 50 per cent. Official telegrams received April 7 from other states give the following percentages for the condition of winter wheat compared with the same time last year: Indiana 73, Illinois 68, Kansas 61, Kentucky about 70, Michigan 70, Wisconsin 75, California about 65. Minnesota spring wheat, probable acreage 98. Reduced to bushels the loss in these eight States will be 96,000,000 bushels, or 30 per cent. and they gave 281,600,000 of the 500,000,000 bushels raised in the United States last year.

The above reports show the bad effects of the unfavorable weather during March, as at that date the percentage in this State as compared with last season at same time was 96.

There is another point that we should remember in connection with last year's crop and the probable surplus yet on hand, and that is that flour has been the cheapest article of food to be had, and its consumption must have been much greater than usual. This is also the case in Europe, where potatoes are scarce and double the price of a year ago.

The following table gives the prices ruling at Liverpool on Saturday, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Mar. 31	April 7
Flour, extra State	128. 3/4	128. 0/0
" do White Michigan	88. 11/4	88. 0/0
" do Spring No. 2	88. 0/0	88. 0/0
" do Western, new	88. 0/0	88. 0/0

Manchester Enterprise: At the last meeting of the Novel Farmers' Club, Mr. W. Bancroft said he had set his stakes to raise one thousand bushels of shelled corn on ten acres of land.

CORN AND OATS.

The receipts of corn in this market the past week amounted to 75,364 bu., and the shipments were 156,003. The visible supply in the country on March 31 amounted to 17,788,349 bu. against 9,690,651 bu. at the same date last year. The export clearances for Europe the past eight weeks were 12,353,808 bu., against 4,694,749 bu. for the corresponding eight weeks in 1882. The visible supply shows an increase during the week of 1,194,798 bu. The stocks now held in this city amount to 133,927 bu., against 217,851 bu. last week, and 44,168 at the corresponding date in 1882. The market has been weak and unsettled, with values gradually declining, prices being fully 2c lower than a week ago. Receipts in this market have been much lighter the past week, but the visible supply has been increased over a million of bushels. More of the corn arriving in Chicago grades No. 2, showing that it is drying out better than was expected, although a great deal of the receipts are yet classed as rejected. The fine weather of the past few days, preceded by a needed rain, has had the effect of weakening all kinds of grain. No. 2 is selling in this market at 53 3/4c per bu., and new mixed at 50c. In Chicago the market has been quite active, but prices of both spot and futures have declined sharply. No. 2 spot is quoted at 47 1/2c per bu., and high mixed at 51 1/2c. In futures No. 2 is quoted at 47 1/2c for June, and 50 1/2c for July. There is nothing in the outlook at present favoring a reaction from the present weakness in the corn market, but when spring work commences in the west there will be a decided decline in deliveries, and this will probably help prices. The Liverpool market is quoted dull at 5s. 9d. per cental for old mixed, and firmer and steady for new mixed at 5s. 5d., a decline of 2d. on old and 2 1/2d. on new mixed during the past week.

The receipts of oats in this market the past week were 23,979 bu. and the shipments were 3,375 bu. The visible supply of this grain on March 31 was 4,329,782 bu., against 1,682,691 bu. at the corresponding date in 1882. Stocks in this city on Saturday amounted to 23,741 bu., against 20,902 bu. the previous week, and 4,960 bu. at the same date last year. Although there is a limited inquiry for oats at present, and a depressed feeling in all other grains, the oat market keeps very steady. No. 2 oats are selling at 45 1/2c per bu., and No. 2 white are quoted at 47c, the same rates that prevailed a week ago. In Chicago the week closed with futures weak and lower, while spot were about the same as the previous week. No. 2 mixed were quoted at 41c per bu., April delivery at 38 1/2c; May at 41c; June at 41c, and July at 40c per bu. The New York market has been firm and steady for spot, and a shade lower on futures. Quotations there are as follows: No. 3 white, 53c; No. 2 white, 54c; No. 1 white, 56 1/2c; Western white, 55 1/2c; State white, 54c; No. 2 mixed, 52c; No. 1 mixed, 53c; Western mixed, 50 1/2c; No. 2 Chicago, 54c per bu.

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" 10	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2	1.03 1/2	1.02 1/2

Rejected closed at 70c per bu., one week ago at 75c.

The decline in futures has been greater than in cash wheat, buyers even at the decline being scarce. The following table will show the fluctuations from day to day in the various deals during the past week:

	April	May	June
Tuesday	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2
Wednesday	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2
Thursday	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2
Friday	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2
Saturday	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2
Sunday	1.06 1/2	1.05 1/2	1.04 1/2

The markets at present are being run entirely by weather reports, and so long as they continue favorable it will be difficult to advance prices. The April report of the Ohio Board of Agriculture, based on returns from over 700 townships, gives the following percentages, compared with April 1, 1882: Wheat 63, barley 66, clover 69. The wheat outlook is the most gloomy for eight years in Ohio. Severe cold with bare ground killed the tops to the surface in January and February. Warm rains and good weather till May may improve the condition up to 60 per cent. Bad weather will send it below 50 per cent. Official telegrams received April 7 from other states give the following percentages for the condition of winter wheat compared with the same time last year: Indiana 73, Illinois 68, Kansas 61, Kentucky about 70, Michigan 70, Wisconsin 75, California about 65. Minnesota spring wheat, probable acreage 98. Reduced to bushels the loss in these eight States will be 96,000,000 bushels, or 30 per cent. and they gave 281,600,000 of the 500,000,000 bushels raised in the United States last year.

The above reports show the bad effects of the unfavorable weather during March, as at that date the percentage in this State as compared with last season at same time was 96.

There is another point that we should remember in connection with last year's crop and the probable surplus yet on hand, and that is that flour has been the cheapest article of food to be had, and its consumption must have been much greater than usual. This is also the case in Europe, where potatoes are scarce and double the price of a year ago.

The following table gives the prices ruling at Liverpool on Saturday, as compared with those of one week previous:

	Mar. 31	April 7
Flour, extra State	128. 3/4	128. 0/0
" do White Michigan	88. 11/4	88. 0/0
" do Spring No. 2	88. 0/0	88. 0/0
" do Western, new	88. 0/0	88. 0/0

Manchester Enterprise: At the last meeting of the Novel Farmers' Club, Mr. W. Bancroft said he had set his stakes to raise one thousand bushels of shelled corn on ten acres of land.

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prime seed, and \$8 for No. 2—high enough to pay those farmers well who took the trouble to grow a crop last year. In Chicago the market is quoted quiet at \$3.15 per bu. for prime seed. In New York the market is reported quiet and unchanged at 15c 1/2 for prime seed, 13c 1/2 for choice, and 14c for fancy.

Potatoes are in limited demand, and there is difficulty in disposing of large lots. For Early Rose in good condition buyers are paying 65c per bu. by the car-load, while smaller lots are sometimes taken at 70c per bu. It is very evident the consumption of potatoes the past season has been greatly cut down by the low price of breadstuffs and their comparatively high value. In Chicago the market is quoted steady, at 65 1/2c per bu. for good to choice by the car-load.

DAIRY PRODUCTS.

There is a steady market on the basis of 18c 1/2c 1/2 for the best of the receipts, which comprise fair samples of fresh made stock, but really choice butter is usually disposed of to regular customers at a considerable advance over these figures. Of really good table butter but small amounts are offered in the market, and dealers are troubled to supply customers; but of medium and low grade stock there is an abundant supply. For such stock there is no outlet, and it is difficult to dispose of such grades at any figure. In Chicago the market is reported steady at figures of one week ago where quality is satisfactory, but weaker for poor stock. Quotations there are as follows: Fancy creamery, 29 3/4c; fair to choice do, 28c; 26c; choice dairy, 18c 1/2c; fair to good do, 14c 1/2c; common grades, 12c 1/2c; choice roll, 15c 1/2c; fair to good, 10c 1/2c. The New York market has favored buyers the past week, but there is no real change to note in prices. In that market quotations on new State stock are as follows: Fancy creamery, 31c; choice do, 29c 1/2c; fair to good do, 24c 1/2c; ordinary do, 17c 1/2c; fancy tubs and pails, 27c; choice do, 25c; good do, 19c 1/2c; and fair do, 16c 1/2c. New Western butter has declined, and is now quoted as follows: Western imitation creamery, 20c 1/2c; Western dairy, ordinary to fair, 14c 1/2c; Western factory, choice current makes, 16c 1/2c; Western factory, fair to good, 14c 1/2c; Western factory, ordinary, 10c 1/2c.

The Commercial Bulletin, in its remarks upon the market, says: "The market is dull and unsatisfactory all around. Even on the strictly fancy stock there appears to be some loss of tone and we hear complaints to-day from receivers of special brands of creamery over the difficulty experienced in realizing outside figures. Buyers seem to feel no interest whatever beyond the small lots required for immediate and positive use, and with supplies fair, there is quite as much fine butter as can be handled conveniently. Choice old State dairy packed continues scarce and sparingly offered. On off qualities of all kinds the market is to a large extent nominal and it is useless to attempt naming an exact price."

Cheese is steady, with an upward movement reported in the eastern markets. In our local market quotations remain as before, with only the choicest qualities inquired for. For such the ruling prices are 16c 1/2c 1/2. The Chicago market is reported firm at advanced prices for the upper grades, which are relatively scarce. Quotations there are as follows: Full cream cheddars, 14c 1/2c; full cream flats, 10c 1/2c; Swiss slightly skimmed, 9c 1/2c; common to fair skims, 10c 1/2c 1/2. In regard to the New York market the Commercial Bulletin says:

"Very strong reports continue to be made and the tendency of prices is upward along the entire line. Holders of really fancy-colored appear to consider 15c low enough to accept and this is about their inside limit, while on white of correspondingly quality there is the same proportionate advance and a more careful offering. Exporters are not buyers of fancy at the cost, but the home trade is doing well and affords grounds for continued encouragement even at the high prices current. The sale of skims is free and at full rates, with supplies fair, there is quite as much desirable supply as quite limited and many orders unfilled."

Quotations in that market are as follows: Fancy full, State factory, 14c; choice, 14c 1/2c; good, 13c 1/2c; medium, 10c 1/2c; choice Ohio flats, 13c 1/2c; fine do, 13c 1/2c; fair to good do, 12c 1/2c. The Liverpool market on Saturday was quoted steady at 70c per cwt., the same figures as noted one week ago.

It is quite evident, even in the face of the obstructions placed in the way of the exportation of hog products to Germany and France by the governments of those countries, that hogs are going to command good prices the coming season. The receipts are falling off very rapidly since the close of the winter packing season (February 28), as compared with last season, with appearances indicating a still further decrease in the near future. During the summer packing season of 1882 (March 1 to October 31) the number of hogs packed in the country was 3,310,787, and in 1881 it was 4,800,689, showing that last year the number fell short 1,529,902. Now in the five weeks of this season so far reported the number packed has fallen short over 100,000 as compared with that of 1882. It is therefore nearly a certainty that the summer packing will be lighter than last season, and that owners of hogs have every reason to expect good prices for them. On this subject the Cincinnati Price Current says:

"Under such weather conditions as we had in January and February, pigs and hogs suffer to the greatest extent, though it often happens that large numbers of fairly well matured are lost in cold weather or by being smothered in their sleeping places by piling upon each other. No reliable estimate can be made as to the extent of loss suffered by the whole country in this way. A farmer loses over two broods of young pigs, or ten or a dozen half grown hogs and no general account is ever taken of such losses. At the same time losses of the kind through such a season as either of the two winters we have referred to would make a large aggregate for the whole country, and we may take occasion to remark, in this connection that this feature in the case may make a decided difference in the hog supply of the west during the present summer packing season and the next winter season. So far as prices are concerned, the farmers have strong reasons to expect produce hogs as rapidly as possible. If the severe cold weather of last winter has seriously reduced the supply of pigs and young hogs in the country, it will in the nature of things require some time to

HOGS AND PORK.

bring up the supply again to where it stood at the beginning of the last winter season."

By careful manipulation of the market and the use of enormous amounts of capital, packers have kept pork much higher than the price paid by them for hogs warranted. It looks as the owners of hogs would be in a position to have a word to say about cost and prices before the season is over.

THE STATE AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE AND ITS DEFAMERS.

Recently there has appeared in the columns of the Evening News of this city, a series of anonymous communications, claiming to be written by graduates of the College, assailing its management, and asserting that it was rapidly deteriorating from the high position it once occupied. While there were no specific charges advanced, it was generally insinuated that President Abbott was responsible for the decadence asserted to have overtaken this institution; that he was lacking in various essential qualifications necessary in a man occupying his position, and the interests of the College demanded a change. These charges were so vague and indefinite that it would be impossible to answer them specifically; but so far as they could be answered, Mr. H. A. Haight of this city, and Mr. Satterlee, of Greenville, both graduates of the College, have done so. The State Board of Agriculture, who have control of the College, met on Thursday last, and asked those who had grievances against the College, or charges to make against the faculty, to come forward and be heard. As we expected, but one of the defamers of the College put in an appearance. This was a young man named Arthur Jones, once a student, who deserves credit for at least being manly enough to come forward and state his opinions publicly, no matter how erroneous or wrong-headed they might be. He stated in brief that in his opinion the President was demoralizing the College by a fiftiful policy induced by a lack of judgment, and he thought this could be proven against him. His opinion was that President Abbott's temper and manner were dependent largely on his physical condition; that he was sometimes stern and sometimes amiable, according as he was or wasn't bilious. It was not pretended that the President was guilty of intentional favoritism or that he deliberately mismanaged the affairs of the college. His errors were errors of the head and of the stomach, rather than the heart.

As only one complainant appeared, and his charges were so indefinite, the Board decided to adjourn for a week and give the others time to coax up their courage to the point of appearing before it. There is one point about this matter that should be understood, and that is this: the parties who signed themselves "graduates," with the single exception of Mr. Jones, had no right to that title, but simply assumed it for the purpose of giving their statements more weight, and enabling them the better to skulk in the dark and assassinate the reputation of a noble a gentleman and as true a friend to the young men who have been placed under his care, as was ever at the head of any institution of learning in this State. We say they are not graduates at the College, because their appearance in the role of anonymous traducers of the faculty is a positive proof that their characters were never formed in an institution presided over by President Abbott.

For the past fifteen years the College has been a place of honor and respect to the farmers of the State, as the character and attainments of its faculty, and the facilities it afforded young men of obtaining educational advantages of a high order, while fitting them to become practical agriculturalists, were better understood. During all this time President Abbott has been its executive head, and to him, in a very large degree, belongs the credit of placing the College at the head of all institutions of the kind in the country. Other institutions less favored have drawn very liberally from its list of graduates to make up their faculties, and always with excellent results. We ask, therefore, if the statement of some four or five sore-heads and sneaks, without the courage to sign the articles they have written, ought to have the slightest effect in determining the action of the State Board in this matter, especially as some of the points urged against President Abbott are entirely outside of his duties, and belong exclusively to the province of the Board itself. There is no public man who cannot be assailed in a like manner, no matter how groundless such charges may be.

Messrs. Reed & Richardson, of Jackson, Mich., send us the following:

"As there has been a good deal of controversy between Mr. Seating and Mr. Mack in regard to their large hogs, we will give the weight of our bar, Old Dick, that stood at the head of our herd so long, both as a stock-get

Poetry.

AUCTIONING OFF THE BABY.

What am I offered for Baby?
Dainty, dimpled and sweet,
From the curls above his forehead
To the beautiful rosy feet,
To the tips of the wee pink fingers
To the light of the clear brown eye;
What am I offered for Baby?
Who'll buy? who'll buy?

What am I offered for Baby?
"A shopful of sweets?" Ah, no!
That's too much beneath his value
Who is sweetest of all below!
The naughty, beautiful darling!
One kiss from his rosy mouth
Is better than all the dainties
Of East or West or South!

What am I offered for Baby?
"A pile of gold?" Ah, dear,
Your gold is too hard and heavy
To purchase my brightness here.
Would the treasures of all the mountains
Far in the wonderful lands
Be worth the clinging and clasping
Of these dear little peach-blossom hands?

So what am I offered for Baby?
"A rope of diamonds?" Nay,
If your brilliants were larger and brighter
Than stars in the milky way,
Would they ever be half so precious
As the light of those lustrous eyes,
Still full of the heavenly glances
They brought from beyond the skies?

Then what am I offered for Baby?
"A heartful of love and a kiss?"
Well, if anything ever could tempt me,
"I would be such an offer as this!"
But how can I know if your loving
Is tender and true and divine
Enough to repay what I'm giving
In selling this sweetheart of mine?

So we will not sell the Baby!
Your gold and gems are stuff,
Where they ever so rare and precious
Would never be half enough!
For what would we care, my dearie,
What glory the world put on
If our beautiful darling were going,
If our beautiful darling were gone!

THE LOST CHORD.

Seated one day at the organ,
I was weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wandered idly
Over the ivory keys;
I know not what I was playing,
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck one chord of music,
Like the sound of a great Amen.

It flooded the crimson twilight,
Like the close of an Angel's Psalm,
And it lay on my fevered spirit,
With a touch of infinite calm.
It quieted pain and sorrow,
Like love overcoming strife;
It seemed the harmonious echo,
From our discordant life.

It linked all perplexed meanings,
Into one perfect peace,
And trembled away into silence
As if it were loth to cease,
I have sought, but I seek it vainly,
That one lost chord of divine
Which came from the soul of the organ,
And entered into mine.

It may be that Death's bright Angel
Will speak in that chord again;
It may be that only in Heaven,
I shall hear that grand Amen.

Miscellaneous.

THE GOVERNOR'S STORY.

"We were very poor," said the Governor, "my mother and I. We lived in a little cabin on General Linton's farm, and saw a hard time. My father died when I was sixteen years old, leaving us nothing but an honest reputation, and although I was stout and healthy, my wages were very low, and I had to toil early and late to provide the necessities of life. But I suppose I would have been happy and contented enough; that is, as much as unsatisfied mortals usually are, if it hadn't been for a woman. I don't know why it was that Helen Linton made such an impression on me, for she had by no means those great and noble qualities by which men as a general thing are attracted toward the opposite sex. On the contrary, she was proud, arrogant and overbearing, and I was confident if she thought of me at all, it was with feelings of contempt and disdain alone.

Not on account of my personal appearance, it is true, for though I was rough and uncultivated, and my hands were hard with excessive toil, and my face browned by exposure to the sun, still I had wonderful strength and great agility, and my hair and eyes were as dark as midnight, and many said that I was handsome. But I was poor and she was wealthy. I was General Linton's hired hand and she was General Linton's daughter, and it was the old story. It must have been her bewildering beauty that drew me more and more toward her, for she was a queenly-looking girl, with flashing eyes and magnificent dark-brown hair, and a form tall and magnificent and stately. But whatever it might have been I am certain of one thing, and that is that I learned to love her with a maddening, painful, consuming passion that seemed about to devour my whole being. I tried very hard to smother it and to drive her image from my heart. I knew I might as well think of plucking down the moon or the stars as to have dared to aspire to her hand.

But it was all of no avail; the more I struggled the more I became entangled. In the morning, noon and night there was but one face that I saw, and but one voice that I heard, and that was the face and the voice of Helen Linton. What was worst of all to me, in some way she discovered my secret. How, I can hardly tell. They say murder will out, and the same can most assuredly be said about love. I had never spoken about it to any one, not even to my mother, and as to Helen, I had scarcely ever spoken to her on any subject. It is true that sometimes she would give me instructions in regard to the flower-garden, which General Linton had selected me to manage, having, as he said, more opinion of my taste in such matters than any of the rest of his workmen, but she never condescended further. I worshiped her like a star from afar off, and knew the distance between us to be as wide and as impassable.

One day she came into the garden when I was at work there, and, impelled by

some unknown power, as it were, I gathered and presented to her a choice bouquet of flowers; and whether it was from my guilty looks that she had discovered all, and determined to check me in the beginning, or whether she had already probed to the depths of my heart and thought I was presumptuous, I know not, but certain it is she never spoke to me after that. She had been in the habit of giving me a nod of recognition whenever she met me before this, but after this she passed me by without even a glance; disdain within her haughty eye, and contempt upon her scornful lip. You may know that my life was as wretched as it could well be. I used to sit down by the fire in our little cabin, after my hard day's work was done, and curse my wretched fate, and call God unjust in what I considered the distinctions he made in the human race, but I little knew then what the sequel would be.

Crowds of company, gay ladies and gentlemen, came every summer from the city to spend the season at Linton Hall, and it so happened that one summer came among the rest a young gentleman named Arthur St. John. He was reported to be wealthy, and handsome he certainly was, and it was not very long before he commenced paying devoted attention to General Linton's daughter; and it was easy enough to see that she was as infatuated as he was. They used to ride by our little cottage on the bright summer evenings, on the Forest road, as it was called, on their prancing horses, he bending fondly above her, whispering words of love and tenderness, and she listening to him with a flush on her cheek and a smile upon her lip. I remember one evening that I stood watching them as they rode down from the Wild Glen, bathed in the golden halo that the gorgeous fires of sunset threw upon the scene, while the summer zephyr, loaded with the perfume of wild flowers, blew back her massive hair from her queenly brow, until the scene seemed to me celestial, and she an inhabitant of celestial regions. Just then she caught sight of me, as I looked at her almost entranced, and spoke something in a low tone to her companion. What it was I never knew, but they both looked at me an instant, and then the air rang with their laughter, and I heard him say something about presumption and impudence, and I guessed what it was. It was hard to be thus tortured simply because I had a heart and could not control its impulses, and when I look back on that time it seems to me like some terrible dream.

Misfortunes, they say, never come singly, and they always come, too, when we least expect them. My mother suddenly sickened and died, and I was thus left alone, a wretched outcast on the earth. As I stood over her grave it seemed to me that I had buried every hope. I determined to leave that spot where I had seen so much misery. I cared very little where I went. Anywhere far away from there. General Linton paid me what little he owed me, and I struck out for the far west. Railroads and steamboats were not half as numerous then as they are now, and even if they had been I was too poor to avail myself of their advantages. I walked, therefore, many a weary mile, until after several days of travel I found myself at the outskirts of a growing city. Here I stopped, because I thought I had gone far enough, and for the best of all reasons, because my money had given out. I had to do something. A large mansion with beautiful grounds stood before me. I applied to the owner for labor. He said he was very much in need of a gardener, but did not like to employ me without references.

After hesitating for a while, however, he concluded to engage me for a month, and if he liked me he would then engage me permanently, he said. I found out in a short time that he was a lawyer of extensive practice, immensely wealthy, and lived at his ease. I followed out the rule I had adopted under life, to be honest and industrious under all circumstances, and at the end of the month my employer, whose name was Parker, sent for me, to pay me my month's wages. He then surprised me by asking me if I could read and write. I told him I could. Thanks to indefatigable energy and perseverance at the little cabin on General Linton's farm, during the long winter evenings, when the labors of the day were over, I had acquired the rudiments of a first-rate English education. My employer then told me that during the past month he had observed me closely, and that he believed me to be an honest man. "I will tell you something more," said he, "that I have discovered. You are a young man of extraordinary intelligence. Gardening is not your proper avocation. I am doing an extensive practice of the law, and I need some one to stay in my office. I know of no one better suited than you. With your application and industry, within one year you may be admitted to the bar. You must consent to become my student."

I don't know exactly how it was, but suddenly Judge Parker and the table seemed to become inverted, and the room went whirling around and around, and then we all seemed flying off through the air, like Aladdin's castle, and the next thing I knew I was sobbing with my head upon the table.

He didn't say anything until I had regained my composure, and then I told all. What a hard time I had through life, and how this had been the only light that had ever shone on my dark pathway. Tears sprang to the old man's eyes as I told him, but he said I must never despair, and he was certain I would come out victorious.

I went into Judge Parker's office, and I studied hard, and at the end of the year, as he predicted, I obtained my license to practice law. He then asked me what I intended doing. I told him that I intended to go off to some rising place and grow up with it, "and if I ever do anything," said I, "remember that you are the man that made me."

He said that I should do no such thing. He was getting old, he said, and was unable to attend properly to a great deal of his business, and wanted me to stay and assist him. "You must be my partner," said he, "with a share of the profits."

Again the room seemed turning around and around, and this time I managed to

restrain my feelings, and only said:

"May Heaven thank you, for I can't." Well, it wasn't long before the people seemed to take an interest in me, and they elected me to the State Legislature, and then after awhile to Congress, and I always continued in the same honest, industrious course until they had made me their Governor.

I had heard but very little in all that time from Linton Hall. I had heard that General Linton had died, and Arthur St. John and Helen had married, and that the old place had been sold, and that was all.

As for my part I was still a bachelor. Many a time, amid the thunders of applause that had surrounded me, fair hands had thrown me beautiful flowers, and ruby lips had smiled, and bright eyes had glistened when I was near; but I thought of cold, cruel, haughty Helen Linton, and had judged them all alike, and had turned away.

One winter evening, shortly after I had been elected Governor, when the wind was howling outside, and I was enjoying the comforts of my room within, and wondering if any houseless wretches were out in that storm, to my great astonishment the servant ushered in a lady. It was something unusual; but I spoke to her as politely as I could, and offered her a seat, when the light fell upon her features, and notwithstanding the sunken eyes and hollow cheeks, to my consternation I recognized the face of Helen Linton.

To my relief, however, I found that she had failed to recognize me. No, she would as soon have looked for a form from the tomb, as to have looked for me in that place.

She had come, she said, on painful business. Her father had been a very wealthy man, and had left her a large property, but her husband had been very dissipated, and having run through with it all, and finding the family in want, in an unlucky moment had committed a forgery, for which he had been tried and found guilty, and she had come to me to plead for his pardon. She told me all this amid sobs and tears, and finally concluded by prostrating herself at my feet.

Great God! This woman, who once thought me not good enough to wipe her shoes upon, kneeling and groveling at my feet!

I begged her to rise and be seated, and I then inquired her father's name. She said it was John Linton. I then asked her if she remembered the old widow and her son, that once lived in the cabin on the Forest Road, near Linton Hall.

She replied, with some surprise, that she did.

Then I stood up. "That boy," said I, "wretched, homeless outcast that he once was, now stands before you."

She turned ashen white, arose and staggered toward the door. I told her to stop. I had something to say to her.

"Let me go," said she; "I showed no mercy to you, and I expect none now." Then my heart was touched.

"Mrs. St. John," I said, "I will pardon your husband, but on one condition only. She eagerly asked me to name it.

"It is this," said I, "that you will teach your children the folly and the evil consequences of pride; that you will guard them against his wicked and nefarious influences through life, and that your husband will likewise reform and lead a different life."

She readily assented to my requirements, and in a few moments more she was on her way home bearing the joyful tidings to her little children.

The lesson that I taught her I hope may be a benefit to them through life.

She and her husband moved to a distant city, where he reformed, and became a useful and respectable citizen, and often speaks of me, I understand, with profound gratitude.

I am a bachelor yet, and there is but one woman to whose memory I ever drop a tear.

And that is to the memory of my mother.

Frictional Electricity.

We looked into the press-room of one of Boston's large printing establishments this week. The foreman was furious and the proprietor sorrowful. Frictional electricity in the printed sheets of paper as they left the press was the immediate cause of their trouble. It is an interesting and not uncommon phenomenon, and is not easily explained nor easily controlled. It puzzled Profs. Bell and Wadman and the best electricians we have about here. The packing upon the press cylinder seems to act as an inductor, and the paper leaves the press thoroughly electrified. We watched a press running off 1700 per hour. Suddenly the printed sheet clung about the cylinder as though pasted upon it, and had to be torn off in strips. Again, we lifted a few freshly-printed leaves, and they ripped and crinkled like the stitches in an old coat. Then we saw a lot of cardboard being printed. The sheets were stuck together as solid as a brick, and could not be separated until the electricity had partly passed off. A piece of printer's brass rule placed in this pile of cardboard, with an end projecting, threw off sparks when approached within an inch by another piece of rule. Two sheets sucked together when held fourteen inches apart. Wet rags, placed around the delivery table and led into a bucket of water, charged the water with electricity in forty minutes so that a positive shock was felt upon a hand being immersed in the pail. Electrical currents were felt in the hands and arms upon handling a pile of paper eight minutes after being printed. The bother to the printer is a considerable one. It entails inconvenience and a serious loss. Valuable work is frequently spoiled by the electricity packing the leaves so closely as to off set the fresh ink. Then the presses have to be slow-speeded, with frequent stoppages. Nothing so demoralizes the press-room as the mystery of frictional electricity when under full headway.—*Paper Trade World.*

Health is Wealth.

"All the health I enjoy, and even my life, I may say, is in consequence of Simmons' Liver Regulator. I would not take \$1,000 worth of my interest in this medicine."

—W. H. WILSON, Welborn, Fla.

OUR BOYS AND OTHER BOYS.

If it had not been for boys, Miss Rhoda and Miss Linda might have had no trouble; but it was for boys. A boy was always ringing the bell and asking to walk through the house—bringing in pints of the spring mud—so that he could get out of the attic window and climb around on the grape trellis to get his kite out of the pear tree, breaking the branches, of course, every one of which was as precious as gold. Or two boys were playing marbles on the flagging of the sidewalk, marking it with chalk as soon as it was washed. They had to get rid of the best servant that ever lived, a warm-hearted Irish woman, because she would let the boys. Their present domestic help took solely because Mrs. Swan, her last employer, had said she couldn't keep any one who had such a dislike to the dear children. This woman, Experience by name, had freely told Mrs. Swan that she would not have a boy in her kitchen, not even if he were a son of Gen. Grant. On hearing this, Miss Rhoda engaged Experience at once.

But not even Experience could always keep the front steps free of them. And what though Miss Linda sent off one set with a handful of ginger cakes? It was like brushing away a swarm of flies; an older came before she had time to turn around.

"I think with the green snake, when he said: 'There are too many boys, some of them ought to be killed off,' said she one day, when troop had followed troop in shrill persistence.

"I do not know as I'd say that; but I wish they'd move off our street," replied the more literal and discreet Miss Rhoda. "Sister Linda," she continued, flitting her handkerchief at some sparrows that had gathered on the window-sill, "suppose we make some calls this afternoon and try to forget all about the boys. If we go, we must call on brother Ezra's wife's cousin, and several others, and first of all, on those new people who sit so near us at church. I am beginning to be ashamed to look at them. You don't think those three boys that have sprung up like thistles can belong to them, do you?" she added in sudden alarm.

But when the sisters had finally decided to go and had reached the door of "those new people," they found the steps decorated with streamers and rosettes of gay tissue paper,—this being pin-wheel season,—and covered with children, the three stranger boys being at home and chief among the throng. Miss Rhoda and Miss Linda exchanged discouraged glances, but edging their way through the heaped-up merchandise, rang the bell and waited.

"You'd better go in," Ma never hears the bell, but she is there," said one of the boys.

"Will you be kind enough to speak to her?" said Miss Rhoda.

The boy hesitated a second, then sprang cheerfully up. "Yes, ma'am," said he, "but don't you fellows touch my things. Ma! Ma! Where are you, ma?" he shouted, throwing open the door. "You go in, she is there. Well, good afternoon," he continued, snatching off his cap in hurried politeness, as he pointed to an inner door that stood open and then dashed back to his companions.

Immediately, a delicate little lady appeared and with ready cordiality ushered them into the back-parlor, which was also the nursery. And here appeared three younger boys, the eldest of whom was at that moment freeman, brakeman, engineer and conductor to a train of cars that had been constructed from a long line of books.

"Teh! Teh! Teh!" said the engineer. "Prov-in-dunce!" called the conductor, just as the ladies entered.

The boy next younger was hammering with all his small might; and of the youngest it need only be said that he was teething.

"Robby! Jimmy! You are not making too much noise are you, birdsies? I am a little hard of hearing and the children take advantage of it sometimes," said the mother, smiling proudly upon the baby, who bit his rubber ring and wailed.

Miss Rhoda and Miss Linda shortened their call to the shortest degree of propriety, and silently made their way next to the house of their brother Ezra's wife's cousin.

Mrs. Rosenberg was newly married and living in a little workshop of a cottage with her husband, a small servant, a cat, a dog and two birds. She came forward with shy, matronly welcome, and said at once, "Cousin Bell is here. She only came last night. I will speak to her."

This was very well. Bell was another cousin of Ezra's wife, and not being a boy, might be pleasant enough to talk with for awhile. Each inquired of the other if there were any news from brother Ezra and his wife. It seemed that there was none and conversation flowed easily on, until there came a black-eyed, lively interruption in the shape of Master Paul Beach, a young brother of Miss Bell, who, as it seemed, was also staying with Mrs. Rosenberg. He had brought his eyes, his ears and his tongue all with him.

"Does your brother Guy expect to go to college?" asked Miss Rhoda, presently, in her politest tone.

"I don't know. He will have to study two or three years more first," said Bell, modestly.

"What! Guy have to study two or three years more before he goes to college?" interrupted Master Paul, "why, he don't need to study any more. He knows most all there is to know now. Jingo! If I was Guy I'd walk up to the man who keeps the college and give him a punch in the nose and say, 'Here, this is sold out, let me in!'"

The pretty pink of the bride's face became scarlet. "Paul," said she sweetly, "I thought I heard Johnny Maubule's whistle just now on the street. Don't you want to go out and play marbles with him?"

"Johnny Maubule! He can't play. They don't know anything about marbles in this one-horse town, anyway. They ought to see Dick Dean and my brother Guy if they want to know what playing is!"

"Sister," remarked Miss Linda, when they were safely on the street again, "let

us go and see Mrs. Varry at the Family Hotel. Perhaps we may enjoy a quiet call there."

So they turned their steps toward a high, many-eyed building that leaned with an air of comfort on its two brick elbows.

"I am sorry not to ask you to my room, ladies," said Mrs. Varry, upon greeting them, "but Arthur didn't seem well this morning. There is not much the matter, but you never know how an illness may develop, so I kept him home to-day. He is not sick enough to be in bed, and such goings on! Bennie Brown is with him, and well—I have had a menagerie in my room all the morning! Arthur is so different from his brother. Now Edgar will sit and pore over a book until midnight unless his father or I really oblige him to put it by, and we have to actually hire him to leave off and go to bed, sometimes. He had a feverish cold last week and I kept him home two days, but do you know that boy studied all his lessons and got one ahead of his class! He is growing fast, and his brain is so active we don't know but that he ought to take him from school for awhile, but he won't consent."

Miss Rhoda said "Indeed!" and Miss Linda said "Really!" Then they tried to bring forward another subject, but the talk soon drifted around again to the ubiquitous boy.

"Sister Rhoda, let us go home," said Miss Linda, when they had again issued upon the street. "There is no use; the world is full of them."

The sisters went on without another word until in sight of their own house. Then Miss Linda, pointing with her parasol to some small, dusty footprints on the steps, exclaimed hopelessly, "There they are! On our stoop again!"

But what were footprints without, compared to the sight within? Two small, round caps and two little slushes hung on the discreet and maidenly hat-tree, and above them a tall silk hat encircled by the widest of veils. The sisters looked at each other with somewhat the expression that Korah and his wife might have worn when the earth began to open before their eyes. It a hard thing to shrink from crossing one's own threshold, but Miss Rhoda actually fell back and made a hasty retreat to her chamber. Not so Miss Linda. Ready to beard the lion in his den or the Douglas in his hall, she stepped in with an inquisitive tilt of the nose and defiant poise of the chin. In a moment she appeared in the hall.

"Rhoda! Sister!" she called. "Come! you can't guess who is here!"

In extreme surprise Miss Rhoda soon appeared. She looked around the parlor in a helpless way and gasped: "It isn't Ezra?"

"Yes, indeed! Brother Ezra! And who do you think we have here?" said Miss Linda, triumphantly, turning to two boys who sat each on the edge of a chair side by side. "Our nephews, Ralph and Roger, brother Ezra's little boys!"

Miss Rhoda's heart gave a great bound with a sudden overflow, like lava bursting from a volcanic mountain. "The dear little fellows!" said she kissing them tenderly. "And my dear brother! Why haven't we heard from you in this very long time, and sister Mary, where is—?" Then she remembered the hat with its deep mourning band, and stopped abruptly, and Miss Linda caught up the word.

"He has written; brother Ezra wrote and we never got a word of the letter. Sister Mary died a month ago in Denver, and these dear boys haven't any mother."

Miss Linda's eyes filled with tears as she spoke and Miss Rhoda kissed the dear boys again. They were bright, attractive children, and when Roger, the younger, lifted his blue eyes and smiled with a look of confiding kinship as though he was at home at last, safe and glad, even a pinching heart must have throbbed back a welcome. And when they saw the friendliness and good nature in Ralph's brown eyes, they went over to the enemy, all their colors flying.

There was never a word of doubt as to what should be done with the boys when their father returned to Colorado. Their devoted aunt would have thought as soon of giving up the front door key or their grandmother's silver spoons as of parting from their nephews.

"Did you ever see anything like it? It is Ralph and Roger, and Roger and Ralph as regular as the ticking of an old eight-day clock!" said Mrs. Rosenberg to Mrs. Varry, as they emerged upon the street after a call upon Miss Rhoda and Miss Linda.

"You can't say they are people of one idea," returned Mrs. Varry. "There is a pair of them. I tried with all my might to get in a word about our new Garfield home. I thought once I had really secured Miss Rhoda's attention, but no. 'Indeed!' said she politely, 'your speaking of that reminds me of what our Ralph said once,' and she went on to tell some simple little speech of his. Then she smiled so archly! I thought what a different smile would have adorned her countenance if my Arthur had been the one to make the speech."

"They are charming boys. I've lost my own heart to them," said Mrs. Rosenberg, "but when I saw them whittling on that immaculate back porch, I thought something must be the matter with my eyes or my brain. I knew I couldn't be asleep for I should never dream anything so unlikely. At the same time Miss Linda observed with gravity that she and sister had remarked how much less trouble they had from the other boys since 'our boys' came."

"The moral of which is," replied Mrs. Varry, "if you cannot have a garden on account of your neighbors' chickens you should set up a henhouse of your own."—*Good Cheer.*

JEFFERSONVILLE, Ill., April 25, 1883.

DR. PENNELL:—Dear Sir:—I am more than pleased with the effect of your Zoa-Phora in our daughter's case. I am surprised to see how she has improved. She is gaining in weight and color, and I think feels better than she ever did; her nerves are steady, and the distress she suffered in her case is entirely gone. I firmly believe that Zoa-Phora is all that has saved her life.

I am willing you should use my letter, for I am not afraid to tell what a wonderful cure your medicine is, and I would like all who suffer to try it.

Yours respectfully,
MRS. SARAH RANDOLPH.

I shall always remember gratefully the good health your medicine has brought my daughter.

LEWIS RANDOLPH.

N. B.—This was a case of suppression.

A Conversation.

"Neither upon the Jungfrau nor the Finsteraarhorn has the foot of man as yet been set."

The highest peaks of Switzerland. * * * A mighty chain of giant cliffs. * * * The Heart of the Alps. Above the mountains a pale green, clear and silent sky. Piercing and bitter cold. Crisp, glistening snow and, towering on high from out the snow, the dark, ice-wrapped, storm-beaten, rocky crags.

On either side of the horizon loom up two giant forms—The Jungfrau and the Finsteraarhorn.

The Jungfrau speaks to her companion: "What hast thou now to tell me? Thou canst see more plainly. What passes there below?"

Some thousand years rush by,—a single moment. Then thunders the Finsteraarhorn in reply:

"Thick clouds conceal the earth. Wait only!"

Again a thousand years whirl by,—a single moment.

"Well, how now?" the Jungfrau asks. "Now I can see. All things below seem as before; dwarfed forms of many hues. The waters are blue, the forests black, and gray the tiresome piles of brick and stone. Swarming about these latter cluster ant-like forms—those two legged creatures, whose feet have never yet reached either thee or me."

"And are these then men?"

"Yes, they are men."

A thousand years fly by,—a single moment.

"Well, and now?" again the Jungfrau asks.

"The ants are disappearing," thunders the Finsteraarhorn, "and it seems much clearer there below. The waters are receding and the forests grow more light."

Again a thousand years glide by,—a single moment,—and the Jungfrau speaks:

"What seest thou now?"

"Just here about us all seems clean and clear," replies the Finsteraarhorn, "but afar off in the valleys I can still discern those miles creeping and clustering as before."

"And now?" asks finally the Jungfrau, after one moment of a thousand years had passed.

"At last 'tis as we wish," answered the Finsteraarhorn; "where'er I look is perfect, clean, pure whiteness. Everywhere our cherished ice and snow. All things lie stiff and cold, and all is still and good."

"Good," answers the Jungfrau. "But you and I, old friend, have gossiped long enough. Now let us sleep."

"Sleep then."

And so the mountain giants sink to rest. Above them sleeps the green and cloudless sky; below, wrapped in eternal silence, sleeps the frozen earth.—*Gegenwart.*

Silk-Worm Eggs on Cards.

The New York Silk Exchange, at No. 27 Bond Street, has received from a Japanese firm a large number of silk-worm eggs. They are pasted upon cards, about fourteen by twelve inches in size, each card containing about 20,000. The eggs are very small, and of a greenish-gay color. Each card is completely covered with them, so that to cut the card would destroy some of the eggs. One of the clerks in the Exchange told the writer that the worms always laid their eggs in circles, and that the eggs adhered to whatever substance they were laid upon. The clerk was puzzled to know how the Japanese had got so many of them on one card, and also how they were to be removed. There were about 20,000,000 in the consignment, and they will be distributed gratis among American silk culturists. The managers of the Exchange say that the growing of silk-worms in this country is increasing rapidly, about one hundred letters being received by them every day, asking for information, and ordering books on silk culture.

Kaiser William's Buttons.

In Beatty-Kington's "Life of Kaiser William" this anecdote is told: "As King and Emperor alike, for many years past, William I. has not appeared in public except while under-going his annual water-cure at Gastein and Ems, dressed in civil dress. He invariably wears uniform at home, even when writing letters in his study, which overlooks the Linden avenue, Berlin's chief military and fashionable thoroughfare. While actually sitting at his writing table he is accustomed to loosen three or four of the upper buttons of his double-breasted tunic, and to turn back its lapels. Whenever a body of troops, small or large, is heard approaching the palace, he rises from his seat, hastily buttons up his uniform to the throat, and adjusts his cross of the 'Ordre pour le Merite' in such sort that it hangs down over the coat collar exactly under his chin. This operation, which long practice enables

WHAT HAPPENED TO LORD LOVELL

Lord Lovell he stood at his own front door
Seeking the hole for the key,
His hat was crooked and his trousers bore
A split across either knee;
Whose down came beauteous Lady Jane
In fair white draperies.

"O, where have you been, Lord Lovell?" she said,
"Where have you been?" said she.
"I have not closed an eye in bed,
And the clock has just struck three.
Who has been standing on your head
In an ash barrel, perdie?"

"I am not drunk, Lady Jane," he said,
"And so late it cannot be."
The clock struck one as I entered;
I heard it two times or three;
It must be the salmon on which I fed
Has been too much for me."

"It was not the salmon, Lord Lovell," she said,
"With some asperities,
On the look on the wine when it was red,
Or on the eau-de-vie,
O, woe is me that I ever wed
A man who goes on a spree?"

"You are wrong, my dear, Lord Lovell he said,
As he had a bright idea;
I know in the papers you have laid
Of the Steam Heat company,
Whose pipes beneath the streets are laid—
That's what the matter with me!"

"Along the street as I swiftly sped,
Eager for home and bed,
A pipe beneath me exploded,
Most unexpected;
My eyes were blacked and my nose it bled—
A plague on that company!"

"Most pitifully were my trousers shredded—
Lo! View them at the knee;
And I lay in the middle like one dead
Till order 5-4-3
Happened along and rescued
Me from my misery."

"Go tell your tale, Lord Lovell, she said,
To the martinet cavalier,
To your grandam of the hoary head,
To any but me.
The door is not used to be opened
With a cigarette for a key."

Leadville Piety.

I was standing in front of the hotel,
When my attention was attracted by a dilapidated, antiquated-looking specimen of a saloon bummer, who was passing along the street ringing a bell. At intervals he would cease ringing, and shout: "Religious racket right away at the big tent! Roll up, tumble up, or slide up on your ears, for we'll have a bang up dish of gospel talk from Faro Bill; and do o-n-t you forget it!"

Turning to a dapper little gambler who stood near, I asked: "Who is this Faro Bill?"

"Who is he? Well, now, if that ain't the boss play for high. You kin break me right here if I thought there was a bloke in the mines that didn't know Bill. He used to be one of the boys, but got copped into the religious game by a slick-tongued gospel shaver about two months ago. He's chopped on all his old rackets, an' don't stand in with nothin' now that don't show up a Bible or prayer book in the lay out. Billy used to be the boss gambler of the camp, and wasn't afeared to sit in a game with the flyest sports that ever slung a card; but he's clean gone on the pious lay now, and seems to have lost all good there was in him. The boss mouspiece of the heavenly mill has gone down to Denver, and Bill is agoin' to stand in an' sling gospel to the boys as well as he can."

This explanation, given in the most earnest tones, started me instantly for the big tent. It was used at night for a variety theatre, where artists (?) of questionable character performed acts of still more questionable decency, and was rented for religious services every Sunday morning. I found the tent filled to its utmost capacity. Many had, no doubt, come through curiosity to see how Bill would comport himself in this, his initial sermon. Upon the stage sat a burly, red-faced man, with arms folded in a careless manner, who looked over the large audience with an air of the most decided independence. This was Faro Bill, the speaker of the occasion. When he arose he glanced around the tent for a moment; evidently collecting his thoughts, and began:

"Fellow citizens: The preacher bein' absent, it falls on me to take his hand and play it off all its worth. You all know that I'm just a larnin' the game, an' of course I may be expected to make wild breaks, but I don't believe there's a rooster in the camp mean enough to take advantage of my ignorance, an' cold-deck me right on the first deal. I'm sincere in this new departure, an' I believe I've struck a game that I can play clear through without copperin' a bet, for when a man tackles such a lay-out as this, he plays every card to win, an' if he goes through the deal as he order do, when he lays down to die, an' the last case is ready to slide from the box, he can tell the turn every time."

"I was readin' in the Bible to day that yarn about the Prodigal Son, an' I want to tell yer the story. The book don't give no dates, but it happened long ago. This Prodigal Son had an old man that put up the coin every time the kid struck him for a stake, an' never kicked at the size of the pile either. I reckon the old man was purty well fixed, an' when he died intended to give all his wealth to this kid an' his brother. Prodigal the old man a little game o' talk one day, and injured him to whack up in advance of the death racket. He'd no sooner got his divvy in his fist than he shook the old man an' struck out to take in some of the other camps. He hed a way to wake time fur awhile, an' slung his cash to the front like he owned the best payin' lead on air; but hard luck hit him a lick at last an' left him flat. The book don't state an' left him up agin some brace game. But, anyhow, he got left without a chip, or a four-bit piece to go on 'at on. An old granger tuk him home an' set him to herdin' hogs, an' here he got so hard up an' hungry that he piped of the swine where they were feedin', an' stood in with 'em on a husk lunch. He soon weakened on such provender, an' says he to himself, says he: 'Even the old man's hired hands are livin' on square grub while I'm worryin' alone here on corn husks straight. I'll just take a grand tumble to myself an' chop on this racket at once. I'll skip back to the governor and try to fix things up, and call for a new deal,' so off he started."

"The old man seed the kid a comin', and what do ye reckon he done? Did he pull his gun and lay for him, intending to

wipe him out as soon as he got into range? Did he call the dogs to chase him off the ranch? Did he rustle around for a club and give him a stand-off at the back gate? Eh? Not to any alarming extent he didn't. No, sir. The Scripture book says he waltzed out to meet him and froze to him on the spot, and kissed him, and then marched him off to a clothing store and fitted him out in the noblest rig to be had for coin. Then the old gent invited all the neighbors, killed a fat calf, and gave the biggest blow-out the camp had ever seed."

At the conclusion of the narrative the speaker paused, evidently framing in his mind a proper application of the story. Before he could resume, a tall, blue-eyed gambler, with a fierce moustache, arose and said:

"Tain't no as would try to break up a meeting, or do anything disreputable. No, sir, I am not that sort of a citizen. But in all public hoodos it is a parliamentary rule for anybody who wants to ask questions to rise up and fire them off. I do not want to fool away time questioning the workings of religion; oh, no. As long as it is kept within proper bounds, and does not interfere with the boys in their games, I do not see as it can do harm. I just want to see the honorable speaker if he has not given himself dead away? Does it stand to reason that a bloke would feed upon corn husks when there was hash factories in the camp? Would anybody here refused him the price of a square meal if he had struck fur? Would any of the dealers that beat him out of his coin see him starve? As I remarked afore, I do not want to make any disrespectful breaks, but I must say that I have got it up that the speaker has been a trying to feed us on cussed thin taffy, and no one but a silly would take it in."

Bill glared upon the speaker and fairly hissed:

"Do you mean to say that I am a liar?"

"Wal, you can take it just as you choose. Some folks would swallow it in that shape."

Bill pulled his revolver, and in an instant the bright barrels of numerous weapons flashed in the air as the friends of each party prepared for active duty. The brave preacher was the first in fire, and the rash doubter of spiritual truths fell dead on the ground. Shot followed shot in quick succession, and when quiet was again restored, a score or more of dead and wounded men were carried from the tent. Hounded secured attention, Bill said:

"Further proceedings are adjourned for the day. You will receive the doxology." The audience arose.

"May grace, mercy and peace be with you now and forever, amen; and I want it distinctly understood that I am going to maintain a proper respect for the Gospel if I have to croak every son-of-a-gun in the mines. Meetin' is out."

The crowd filed from the tent as coolly as if nothing extraordinary had occurred, and as I gained the sidewalk I heard a man remark:

"Bill has got the sand to make a bang-up preacher, and I would not wonder if he made a big mark in the world yet."—*Carbon (Wyo. Territory) Journal.*

VARIETIES.

Not long since a couple of old cronies were strolling, with their dogs tipped back, in front of a lively stable, discussing the Mexican war and the condition of society on the border subsequent to it. One of the twain, a gray-headed old veteran, took a pull at his pipe and remarked:

"I don't blame the Mexicans very much for not being anxious to have close commercial relations with the United States. They are sure to get the worst of it when it comes to trading with us Gringos, as they call us."

The other relic of by-gone days thought the Mexicans were pretty good judges of horses.

"Yes, they may know all the points about a horse; but, when it comes to tradin' a Texas ranger could beat 'em every time. You see the Texas man has naturally more commercial ability. Whenever a Texan, after the war, on a broken-down old horse met a Mexican who was on a good horse, they used to trade horses right there. The Texan would say: 'Look here, Mr. Mex, don't you want to swap horses?' The Mexican, not understanding a word of the language would reply: 'No, *entende, senor*,' which means he did not understand. The Texan would reply: 'So you say you will trade even?' To which the Mexican would again say: 'No, *entende, senor*.' The Texan would say: 'All right, I am satisfied if you are. It's a trade. Get off my horse, you granger!' and the suddenness with which that Mexican would ratify the trade was surprising. If he didn't get off the boss quick, the Texas ranger would shoot him off and amblin' on his estate. I tell you when it comes to trade and commerce the Anglo-Saxon race just beats any other in the world!"

By the way, we got even with that oldest inhabitant, of which there are sixty or seventy in every community. He came in and took a chair, and as soon as he thawed out he began talking to us about the big freeze of 1892, when all the trees on Buffalo Bayou broke down with ice. After he had almost persuaded us that the freezing weather we had just had was tropical compared with that he had gone through, we asked him:

"Colonel, do you remember the time the Thames was frozen over three feet thick, and it snowed forty days without stopping?"

"Remember it? I should say I did. That was the year me and Sam Houston came to Texas together. We had a bottle of pure whisky, but it froze solid. We broke the bottle and chipped off our drinks with a hatchet."

"Do you remember when the Adriatic was frozen over, and the trees burst open with reports like cannons?"

"Of course I do. I had a plantation on the Adriatic, and lost over so many niggers."

"Then you must remember when the Dardanelles and the Black Sea was frozen over, and the snow was piled one hundred feet high?"

The Colonel remembered it, and said that he helped to shovel away the snow.

"How old are you, Colonel?"

"I'm a young man yet; only 83 this coming spring."

"Colonel, the only time the Straits of Dardanelles was frozen over was in the year A. D. 408, so you must be mistaken in your age. You must be nearly 1,375 years old."

The old man said it was astonishing how *tempus fugit*, and walked off as balm as a spring moon.

HISTORY holds its tongue as to who the pair was who first put on the silken harness and promised to work kind in it thru thick and thin, up hill and down, and on the level, swim,

drum or float. But, whoever that was, the must have made a good thing out of it, or so many of their posterity would not have harnessed up since and drove out. But there ain't but they folks who put their money in matrimony who could set down and give a good written opinion whil on arth thacame to do it. Sum marry for love, without a cent in their pockets, nor a friend in the world, nor a drop of pedigree. This looks desperate, but it is the strength of the game. If marrying for love ain't a success, then matrimony is a dead beat. Sum marry because they think women will be crop holds out, and live to wonder how the scarce next year, and sum marry to get rid of themselves, and discover that the game was one that two could play at and neither win. Sum marry the second time to get even, and find it a gambling game—the more they put down the less they take up. Sum marry to be happy, and missing it, wonder where all the happiness goes when it dies. Sum marry they can't tell why, and live they can't tell how.—*John Billings.*

WHILE Mr. David Davis was dining one day at Wormley's with some friends, among whom was the slim Mr. Everts, the conversation drifted to abject sports and foot races. Mr. Everts, with view to one of his sarcastic jests, turned to the great trunk alongside of him, from which he himself may be supposed to have been whittled off as a salver, and suggested that such sports were entirely out of his line.

"Well, Everts," replied David Davis, "perhaps you think I can't run? Now, look here I'll bet you a case of wine I can beat you in a hundred yards if you will let me choose my own time, and will give me five yards start. I'm heavy, you know, and I was a solid footing."

Mr. Everts was satisfied that he "had a dead sure thing," and as the evening had advanced the dignified company resolved to unbend itself still further for the sport.

"Come on then," shouted the Senator, "follow me!"

So away they went, down a narrow alley that runs between Twelfth and Thirteenth streets. Marching into it for the distance of five yards, while his arms touched the brickwork on each side, he quietly observed:

"Now Everts, get in behind me, and take your time. I am going to take mine!"

"TICKETS!" said a conductor on the Illinois Central Railroad, standing beside a large Irish woman, with three alleged children. The woman put up four—one full and three half fare tickets.

"How old is that girl?" asked the conductor looking suspiciously at a young lady holding possession of half the seat.

"Shur, an' she's on the high side uv tin years."

"Ten years?" said the conductor; "looks like a widow woman; say, let her stand up awhile and rest herself."

"Well, but conductor, she's tall; her standing is very much longer than her age; but stand up, Margaret, stand up, and he would look at yer tathe, show 'em, Margaret."

The girl, who was sitting tall style on the seat, commenced to unlimber herself, and as she towered up in the daylight, she looked something like a lightning rod rising out of a breaking fog. The conductor took a birdseye view of her proportions, and then said:

"I'll take another half fare for this little girl, I guess. I thought she'd show off to better advantage after she telescoped out."

Chaff.

A man has the choice to begin love, but not to end it.

The appreciative "Fat Contributor" speaks of Wiggins as "a weather-beaten prophet."

There is a marked difference between getting up with the lark and staying up to have one.

Some hotel clerk must have originated the expression, "There is always room at the top."

Only four of earth's nations are paying their way. The others are probably weighing their pay.

Rhode Island people never write letters to places within the State. When they want anything they "holier."

"Brown-eyed daisies slumbering in a field of cream," is what a western poet calls freckles on the face of a pretty girl.

Precocious boy (munching the fruit of the date-tree):—"Mamma, if I eat dates enough will I grow up to be an almanac?"

The latest mathematical question runs as follows: Two girls met three other girls, and all kissed. How many kisses were exchanged?

"Two vos schoost enough, but drei vos too plenty!" remarked Hans, when his girl asked him to take her mother along to the dance.

The notion of having your house connected with the church by telephone is utterly absurd. How's your wife to see bonnets by telephone?

"Thank heaven," exclaimed a fond father, as he paced the door at midnight with his howling heir, "thank heaven you are not twins!"

When Alexander Gun, an excise officer in Scotland, was dismissed from his employment the following entry was made in the books of the office: "A. Gun discharged for making a false report."

It is a glorious thing to have been born a man. One doesn't have to bother himself for a month over the plans and specifications of a new spring house.

"Pomade, sir?" politely said a barber to a cranky customer in his chair. "No," he growled; "I don't want any oleomargarine on my head!" All right, sir, replied the cranky manipulator, "I never put butter on cabbage."

A college graduate writes to inquire if we understand "the generic importance of the term 'fragment'." We do, and we have upon the word as the biography of the first man that ever attempted to trim the tail of a Georgia mule.

Standing on Ceremony.—(Ida (age seven): "That was a funny story, Mr. Dixon told me. Aunt Jessie—the one that made you laugh so much, you know?" "Yes, why don't you laugh, Ida?" "Oh, I don't know Mr. Dixon well enough!"

The Boston Commonwealth quotes Governor Ben. Butler as saying in justification of his continuing to attend to his law practice: "Governor Talbot did not stop his woolen mills when Governor Whitney, why, then, should I stop my jaw mill when I am Governor?"

Whose? "I lectured Sam, Jim" said one of two beery individuals as they came to the left face with a lurch in front of the Journal building last Wednesday. "Don't know which fellow's lectured," said the interrogated, blinking at the bulletin board, "but necessary F choice got the most votes."

At a recent fancy-dress ball at Sidney, Australia, the wife of an editor appeared as the "Press." Her dress was made of several copies of her husband's paper, printed in colored inks on white satin. The editor's wife's subscription list has perceptibly increased since this shrewd bit of advertising.

A well known Presbyterian clergyman of one of the lower Delaware counties, somewhat famous as a wit, was asked by a Baptist clergyman with the question: "Well, brother, we're going to have a new bell for our church. What sort would you recommend?" There was a twinkle behind the Presbyterian's person's glasses, and he answered promptly: "By all means a diving-bell."

"What is promised to the righteous?" asked a mild and amiable Sunday school teacher of a small child at the far end of her class. "Eternal bliss," quickly responded the child. "Quite right, my dear child," said the mild and amiable teacher, "and what is promised to the wicked?" "Eternal blister, ma'am," was the prompt reply. The teacher pronounced it theologically correct, but peculiarly expressed.

The Household.

DOMESTIC BONDAGE.

I note in the domestic departments of the papers from all parts of the country which are weekly laid upon my table, much complaint of the isolation of farm life, and of the deprivations of cultured minds which feel themselves shut off from that attrition of mind upon mind which so brightens and sharpens the intellect; and also of the impossibility of making mental progress when thus "cribbed, caged and confined" by household duties and lack of external stimulus. We hear it gravely asked whether it is not unwise to lift one's self above the level of surroundings, and the lower material condition, only to chafe at the inevitable, and be filled with discontent and dissatisfaction. I quote from an article on this subject in the Boston *Traveler*:

"The excitement of work may satisfy the vacant mind, but when the windows of the intellect have been opened and no light enters, the darkness becomes intolerable. One's occupation is then a slavery. Chains and bands hold the soul to the dead level of daily life, and it frets and rebels at the bondage."

But it seems to me as if the dull routine of every day work, the scrubbing and cleaning, the cooking and washing, might become utterly unbearable unless the "mental windows" had been opened and intellectual light shed on the brain. Can a mind set to the level of low achievement, find content and happiness in constant work, alone? Observation teaches me that the unrest and discontent come to both cultured and ignorant; they seem conditions of being which tend to our elevation. If we are content as we are, what possible hope is there that we will rise above our present position, what can urge us forward if we see no need of progress? The real struggle of life lies in the fight of what we are with what we would be; to harmonize soul and surroundings is the great problem. That "content" which looks to no lofty end, which has no aspirations, is a merely animal existence, satisfied with food, and warmth and shelter.

If indeed this spirit of discontent pervades the woman of farm homes, which I somewhat doubt, it strikes me that the remedy is in their own hands; if not for themselves, certainly for their children. There are duties which must be done day after day, as long as life lasts; they are essential, without them "the times are out of joint." In differing degree or measure they fall to the share of every one, irrespective of rank or station. And we learn to do them almost instinctively. The domestic drudgery which employs the hands, leaves the thought free; it is our own fault if we settle into mere machines for house hold labor. Moreover, there is that in the skillful conduct of domestic affairs which requires and calls into exercise the highest and most noble faculties of the mind. The farm is a little empire, the house its court, where centres all interests, and where the wife and mother is prime minister as well as empress. Here is need for discretion, judgment, reason, calculation; room for inventive skill, imagination, self control and self sacrifice. It is not an ignoble work to see that indispensable food for a family, sure that it will tend to their physical health, and thereby aid in keeping them mentally healthy. Neither is it a "low achievement" to bring up the children, "hostages from Heaven," to honest, true, self-reliant man and womanhood.

True, life on the farm has its deprivations, but it has also its compensations. Neighbors are few, perhaps ungenial, but there are books and papers which may to a great extent, and most profitably, take the place of the frequent caller who "runs in" to waste your and her own time in idle gossip, and who will dissect your character and peculiarities with the same vivacity with which she now holds up those of another for your amusement.

A woman is not necessarily a social nonentity because she lives on a farm, nor need she be a literary ignoramus. If she have tastes in such directions, she both can and will gratify them, perhaps not as fully as she will like, but to an extent which will keep her appetite keen and eager. Is there a woman who reads these lines who cannot, if she chooses, claim one half hour of the day to read? And in that half hour she can read enough, if her books be rightly chosen, to give her food for thought for the rest of the day. The woman who longs to live in town, to see "what is going on" and "keep up with the times," may, as she lights her malodorous kerosene lamp, for the easy illumination which comes of a lighted match and a turned screw, and as she sits down to a quiet evening with her "own folks," think regretfully of the plays, the lectures, the concerts, which townspeople are attending, but many a cultured and wealthy mother in gas-lighted parlor, would give her all her possessions to know where her first-born spends his evenings, and be crushed with grief and shame if she did know. Such a mother said to me, only a few days ago: "I would give all I have if my children were small again. Then I put them to bed at night, and knew where they were; now—"

In many instances the condition which induces this mental unrest and discontent comes from overwork. It is less a diseased moral than an overworked nervous state, for which, unless brought on by unnecessary labor, we are hardly responsible. We all know how some days we seem able to do almost anything; the work moves smoothly, mind and body move harmoniously, it is easy to speak gently, life seems beautiful and grand. On another morning we rise "tuned to discords." Everything goes wrong, we are irritable and unreasonable, fully conscious of it, but unable or unwilling to conquer ourselves. This is because we have overdrawn our account at the bank of Vitality; we have called out our reserve forces till we are exhausted in body and consequently in mind.

That is a false standard of duty which leads a woman to do an amount of work beyond her strength. "What shall we do when the work is there to be done, and we alone to do it?" Appoint the burdens

to each day. Do not, for the sake of "more land," or saving for others to spend, deny yourself household assistance. Look through each day's programme carefully to see how much that is unnecessary can be cut off, and then, *deliberately omit it.* Not long since, an "Overworked Woman" wrote a letter for publication in a certain "Household," in which she detailed her day's work. She had a babe in arms, and wood-sawyers to get dinner for; she made pies, cookies and fried cakes, and eleven o'clock found her with the breakfast dishes unwashed. Now it seems to me that a woman not ambitious to be overworked would have substituted a gingerbread and a plain cake, made and baked in the quarter of the time required to make cakes and cookies, equally healthy and palatable, and more economical; and for the "eternal pie" would have had a quickly made and nutritious pudding. But that is the way "we women" do; we go on piling the burdens on our shoulders, and how for some one to take them off. Far too much suffering, genuine, downright suffering, comes from self-imposed tasks, not necessary to our own or others' happiness or well being; and inevitably, at some day in our lives, we see for how much of our own distress, failures and shortcomings we, and we only, are responsible.

BEATRIX.

THEORIES.

It is quite evident from her beautiful theories on the training of children that our Queen B— has very little practical experience with the infant of To-day. I do not refer to the pattern child who, with clean face and smooth ruffles, sits in his high chair for hours at a time, singing "I want to be an angel," but to the restless, active, dirt-loving little fellow who is never quiet except when asleep, and so dear to his mother's heart that she can not resist the coaxing plump arms about her neck, the proffered kiss, or the many sweet pleas for pardon which he learns so soon to make. Everything in the world is so fresh to him, and he yearns to try his hand at the stove draughts, the lamp and the sewing machine, while scissors, carving knives, thimbles and forks seem the most desirable of toys.

"Oh, yes," says Miss Prim. "But if he is taught that he can not have such things, there will be no further trouble." Certainly, if he once recognises your higher wisdom and yields to it, but if usually happens that he sees them to-day and wants them just as bad as though they had not been refused him yesterday; and if mamma drops them for a moment or if a chair and table can be used as stepping stones, the cunning fingers snatch them and the alert eyes shine with the joy of an accomplished plan. Then too, there are times when severe discipline is called for and it is impossible to administer it. Every mother knows how a baby "shows off"—invariably behaving its worst when she is most anxious for a good impression, and quite apt to spring some new trick while callers are present and obliging her to choose between letting it pass without reproof, and entertaining her friends with loud cries. Postponement is of no avail with young children. The promise of seeing them alone by and by conveys no terror to their souls, and what mother does not get terribly tired of saying, "you mustn't" and "don't," and would not baby like to ask if we have nothing but repression for his hungry mind?

Let B. imagine herself trying to think of a dozen different things, and to serve up a dinner for guests beside, and on hearing a murmur about "helping mother out," turn to find that a little two year old had dipped the hair brush into the dish of gravy, and was blacking the stove with it. Would she be able to strike a high moral attitude? Judging from recent experience, I think that she would utter a great thank that she alone witnessed the performance pitch the brush out of sight, and after looking it over for hair, serve up the gravity with no allusion to its former service as a stove polish. Wise women often admit that there is nothing wherein they feel their inability so much as in the government of children; different temperaments call for such different treatment, and the rule that succeeds with one fails with another. "Why do you whip her?" we say to a mother in reference to her little girl. "What can I do when she tells me 'I won't do it, you old lemon you!'" she asks in return, and we admit, in silence, that the prescription of gentle reproof were about to offer would not suit the case. Those innocent, helpless beings teach us many lessons, and one is quite sure to be humbled, distrust of our own wisdom, and another the extreme fallibility of theory as relating to their training.

THOMAS, March 27th.

A LECTURE ON MATRIMONY.

The pastor of the Methodist church here, Rev. D. B. Tracy, unites business qualities of a high degree to those of a capable, zealous, devoted minister. By virtue of his high standing among his ministerial brethren, of his own and other denominations, he has induced many of them at divers times to donate their services to our little church, and the result has been several courses of lectures of a high order of merit, during the four years of his pastorate; the church and community reaping the entire financial as well as literary benefit. A lecture delivered on the evening of the 21st inst., by Rev. E. E. Easter, of Fentonville, on the subject of "Matrimony," seemed to me especially suitable for reporting for the benefit of our Household.

Marriage, he said, was instituted by God, who married the first pair. It was a holy relation of the sexes, to develop in harmonious blending the highest excellencies of both. In the ancient civilization, or semi-barbarism, when women were considered only as a necessary evil, when a Cicero must apologize before a civil tribunal for the weakness of shedding tears over the corpse of his daughter, the educating and elevating influence of true marriage was not known. St. Paul's celibacy and his advice against marriage were not the cynical utterances of a bigoted bachelor, nor intended to militate against marriage, but were prudential

advisings in view of the persecution then felt by the Christians; often put in bonds or forced to hasty flights, marriage often resulted in great sufferings to young families, which individuals, unmarried, might elude.

The paramount incentive to marriage should be pure, true love, such as attracted Adam and Eve; a preferring of each other to any and all others upon earth; but love should be governed by common sense, and consequences considered before rash acts were committed. Young men were largely responsible for the extravagance and frillery of female attire, as well as for certain shallow, showy accomplishments. The retiring, domestic, educated but plainly dressed girl, was passed by for the popinjay of fashion, yet many men who bit at the hook thus baited to please them, were unmanly enough after marriage, to abuse their wives for possessing the very qualities that before marriage attracted them. At the altar they vowed to take them for worse or for better, and if worse predominated, they should make the best of their bargain.

Young ladies, in their turn, were largely responsible for the prevalence of the drinking habits of young men. If a young man flavored his breath with cloves, etc., rum was to be accepted as the reason and he should be ignored entirely. No young lady should "marry a man to save him." Her influence is greater before than after marriage in this case, and promises of reform made in such cases are morally sure to be broken. One case was reported of a permanent cure of such broken vow. A young man had secured the hand of his sweetheart under solemn promise never to drink again. It was soon broken, she cared for him kindly, but when sobered told him a repetition would be punished with a sound thrashing, which threat she fulfilled so faithfully the next time he stumbled, that the doctor's services were necessarily invoked, but the cure was radical and complete. It was given as a suggestive possibility, not as a certain specific. He advised young men to look about, and if love pointed the way, and respect and common sense gave sanction to love's choice; not to wait too long for the adventitious aid of accumulated wealth, but to secure the prize, if possible; and young ladies, if a true, pure love was offered by a young man of correct habits, whose devotion they could return, had better accept and call on the pastor, and go to work together to win the coveted and desirable houses and land. Marriage was an educational establishment, and many an angular, cross-grained, bearish sort of a man had been trained by a loving, capable woman into quite a different mortal. Whether this picture showed a reverse side, he left for others to decide. When two loving hearts were joined, certain conditions must be fulfilled to ensure happiness. Each must treat the other with respect, affection, and perfect confidence, having due regard for their individual preferences and rights, with forbearance for their shortcomings in view of their own faults, and time would bring the natural assimilation that gives the highest earthly bliss.

Appropos of confidence, the sweetheart and wife should be informed of the man's exact financial standing. The wife who knows of the details and condition of business often gives valuable advice, and aids him by seconding his efforts. In adversity she is often found to bear the shock better than her husband, and leaning on her, he will rise with fresh hope, where without it he would be utterly overwhelmed.

The following sentiment showed the use of punctuation marks, as defining the true meaning of words—and may give comfort to either side accordingly as the marks are used. Woman, without her man, is a savage; or woman, without her man, is a savage. If a man proves true to the woman he marries, treats her with devoted affection and sympathy, she will even be found a fond, foolish, devoted slave, but as she will not know it, both will be happy.

GREENFIELD, March 26th.

A REGULAR contributor to this department calls the Household editor to order for liberties with her manuscript, saying: "I don't see how you could change 'ladies' and gentlemen's words' to 'men' and 'women's'." They don't have any 'men' and 'women's' there. But I would have said 'women's' if I could have managed 'women's.' I don't like that; it is almost equal to 'female,' and I take that word as an insult to my sex every time I hear it. 'Woman' I admire, and always use the singular wherever possible."

The editorial pencil has a trick of substituting the plain "men and women" for words which once meant more than male and female humanity, which however, seems their latter day significance. "Lady" and "gentleman" are terms now used exactly as "man" and "woman" once were; there is no particular significance attached to them. When we heard of "salesladies," and "fore ladies" and of "gentlemen" barbers, when washwomen resented being called *coemen*, fastidious people relinquished claims to the titles, and fell back upon the terms first bestowed upon the "grand old gardener" and his wife, the common parents of us all. Taking even the "dictionary definition," of "persons of gentle and refined manners," how many who claim to be called ladies and gentlemen can justify so? The Anglo-Saxon "lady" originally meant a bread-keeper or bread-giver, the mistress or head of a household; later, it was applied to women of noble birth and breeding, no whoever claims it may wear it. One of the best definitions of "gentleman" is "a being combining a woman's tenderness with a man's courage," but the term is now-days claimed by any masculine who can wear a good suit of clothes. We share our correspondent's feeling as regards "female" as applied to women, but happily it is never used among refined people except in contra-distinction of sex; and usually in animals only, yet unfortunately there are women who only deserve to be called females. "Our best society" speaks of its "men" and "women," and to be called a womanly woman is as high a compliment as was formerly conveyed by "lady."

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